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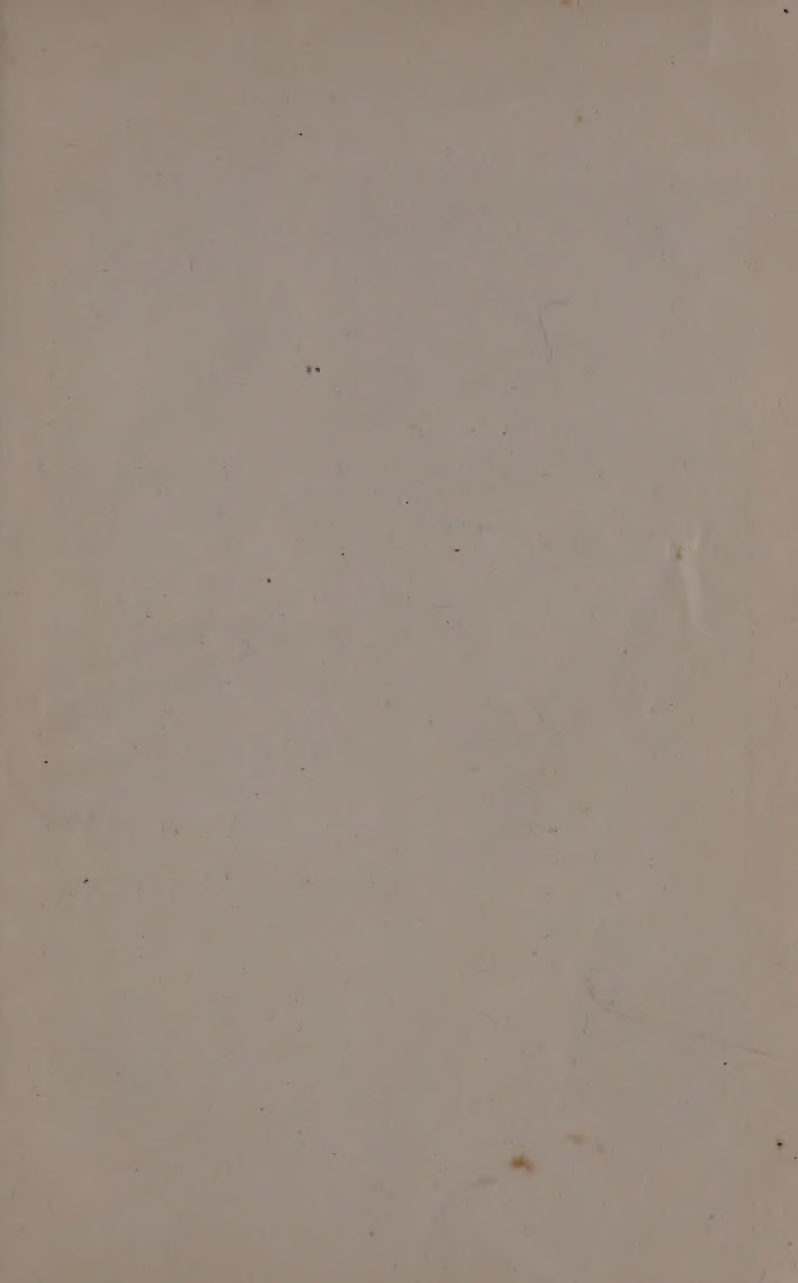
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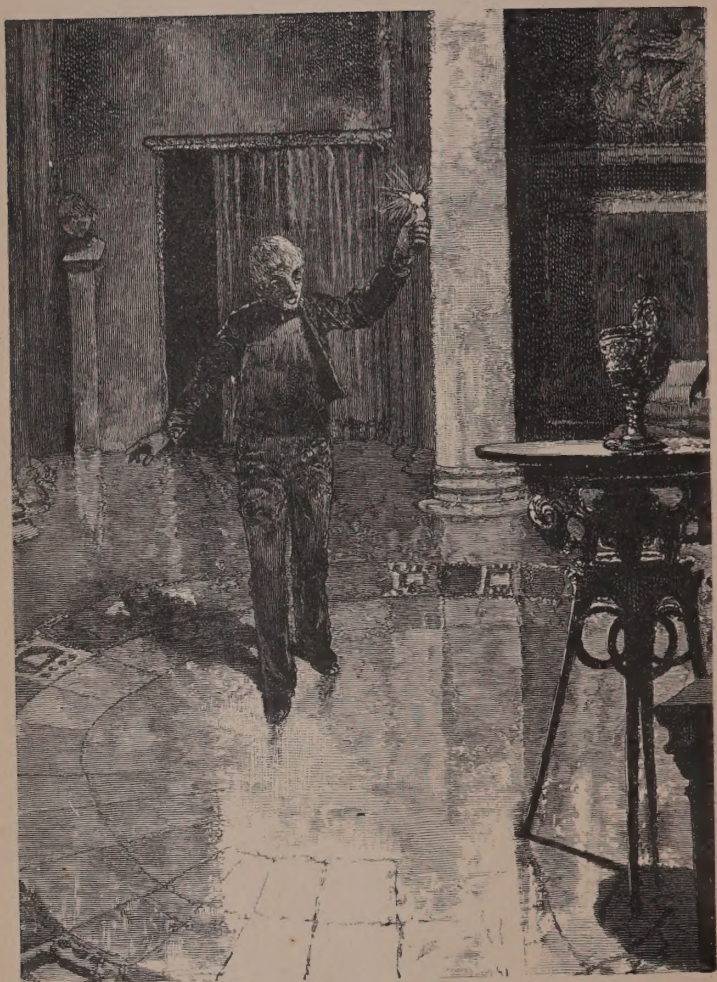
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NOW LOOKING AT A PICTURE, NOW A STATUE.

# LOST IN POMPEII



BY *Henry Howard* H. H. CLARK, U. S. N.

WITH

OTHER STORIES OF ADVENTURE

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## LOST IN POMPEII.

TOM MORGAN was a very young midshipman attached to a very fine frigate lying, at the time of which I write, in the beautiful harbor of Naples. Tom and I had become very warm friends; in fact Tom was a general favorite on account of his cleverness and amiability.

Sometimes at night I used to go into the fore-castle, when Tom happened to be on watch, to look at Vesuvius, which had recently been in a state of eruption, and to have a promenade along the deck. Many a pleasant hour Tom and I thus spent with the rigging of the ship lighted up around us like the great trees about a huge camp-fire.

Tom had had a remarkable adventure, and one night not long after, I found him in the fore-castle where I had gone to hear the story from his own

lips. It had made as great a sensation in the ship as it would have made in Tom's immediate family and as in fact it did make when Tom detailed it in a long letter to his mother.

I must say here that I am not at liberty to give Tom's real name to the boys and girls of who read this. It was with great difficulty that I obtained his consent to write the story for publication. I only regret, however, that I shall not be able to tell it in the simple, graphic way in which it was told to me. With his intelligent face lighted by the glow of Vesuvius, Tom held my closest attention for the greater part of his watch.

What boy has not been moved by the story of Pompeii ! More than any other ancient city, it excites our sympathy and arouses our curiosity. How it was destroyed, the long centuries it lay completely entombed, the many beautiful things discovered in excavating it, as well as the sad things it reveals, have been repeated to us since earliest childhood.

Tom, like thousands of other boys, had become an enthusiast over Pompeii ; and, being now where he could almost see its walls from the ship's foretop, he

resolved to visit it at the earliest opportunity. He arranged, with two other midshipmen, to ask for two days' leave when their duties would permit them to be absent from the ship. Strictly speaking, a midshipman's duties would never allow him to be away from his ship. Tom, as young as he was, had to stand watch, go in boats, do messenger duty, and once — shall I tell it on him? — he was sent after milk for the admiral's baby. A midshipman ashore looks very grand in his brass buttons, and with his military bearing; but on board ship he is looked upon as a mere boy from the admiral down to "Jack-of-the-dust." Fortunately, Tom got his leave all right, and one morning before sunrise he and his companions were spinning out of Naples over the great highway that leads to Pompeii.

I will not describe their beautiful, exhilarating ride. In about two hours the driver drew up at the Hotel Diomede just outside the walls of Pompeii, and announced their arrival. The crew of the *Jeannette* would not attack a breakfast with a more arctic appetite than the boys did that awaiting them. Not even the singing and dancing of

a band of street musicians could divert them.

The boys felt remarkably lively when they had finished their breakfast and started for the city. They entered it by the *Porta Marina*, the ancient sea gate, and were at once among the shops and houses of Pompeii. How wonderfully real everything seemed ! The inhabitants of eighteen hundred years ago seemed to have just left the steets. There were the shops, the school-houses, the bakeries, nearly everything standing, and, as Tom humorously remarked, " in excellent repair." Tom had seen just such shops in Smyrna, with jars of wine and oil in the counters, and he was quite surprised that they should be just like the shops before his eyes ; but he soon discovered that the people of the East dwell in the same kind of houses, live about the same kind of domestic life, and carry on their business in about the same way, as the people of Pompeii did so many hundred years ago.

He had been somewhat prepared for this line of discovery. At the museum in Naples he had learned in the cabinet of gems that our most beautiful forms of jewelry are mere copies of those worn by the rich

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ladies of Pompeii. A handsome bit which his father had once bought to restrain a vicious horse, and which had been extensively advertised as the greatest modern invention for that purpose, he found to be in every particular like the bits on a cluster of Pompeian war-bridles. Tom wrote home that he had discovered nearly everything modern among the Pompeian collections, from a steel pen to a Singer sewing-machine.

But we have no time for historical comparisons. The boys ran about the streets on a perfect lark. They tripped over the huge stepping-stones, sank their feet into the ruts made by ancient chariots and drags, and brought up short against the fountains at the street corners. They chased each other in and out of the baths, up to the topmost walls of the temples of Jupiter and Venus, and in another part of the city Tom infuriated the guide by running along the top of the old arcade with his comrades in full pursuit. In short, they looked into every hole and corner of Pompeii, the fat guide puffing and blowing after them like a locomotive, and, I am sorry to add, swearing too.

Sleep was sweet that night at the Hotel Diomede.

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When the boys awoke, the sun had been long risen. They hurried through their toilet, ate a hasty breakfast, and by eight o'clock they had entered the city, with entirely new plans for the day.

Tom had a decided talent for exploration. He liked to go from the main truck to the keel of a ship, and he treated an old building in the same way. He was, in fact, more interested in the foundations of temples and amphitheatres than in their upper works. This day he declared his intention of seeing something of subterranean Pompeii. Like all good travellers he stuffed his pockets with candles, and refilled his spring box with matches, and felt well equipped for finding his way through the gloomiest passage he might get into.

He left the other boys to dig in a house which was being excavated in honor of General Grant's visit, which had been made to the city a short time previous; and started for the Temple of Isis, beneath which are some very curious passages. As he crossed the intersection of the streets *Abundance* and *Stabiæ*, he observed a large opening to the left, which curiosity led him to examine. Passing over to it, he looked

down into what he thought must have been the main sewer of the ancient city which had been uncovered at this place. It was about half fall of clear, swift-running water, swollen by recent rains almost to a torrent. While he conjectured the probable use of this ancient passage, his eye caught a bright little daisy springing from the wall close to the water's edge. "What a souvenir that would be for my sister Kate!" he exclaimed; and without waiting an instant to consider possible consequences, he started down after it.

The walls of the sewer were built of rough stones which projected far enough to give Tom excellent footing; and he began his descent with as much ease and confidence as he would "lay down from aloft." With his eye fixed on the daisy, he neglected to inspect that part of the wall lying just above it. Here was a large stone which from some cause had become so loose that it barely held its place in the wall. Unconsciously Tom put his hand upon this stone, and, depending his weight upon it, stooped to pick the daisy. Alas for poor Tom! no sooner had he reached down than the stone broke suddenly

away, and he was cast headlong into the boiling current.

Quick as thought he turned, so that he should not be carried down head-foremost. He struck out with all his might, grasped at the stones, tried to touch bottom with his feet, and by clinging to the wall, see if he could not stay his progress down the stream. But his hands were cruelly torn away, and every time he struck bottom, his feet were instantly swept from under him, and he was borne down with redoubled force. Despite his struggles, he had been carried so far that he could just discern the light falling into the sewer through the fatal aperture. It was growing horribly dark. All he could do now was to keep himself on his back, and allow himself to be swept on without a struggle, and with scarcely a hope of escape.

Tom's heart sank within him. A vision of his beautiful home with all its love and solicitude came before him ; and the awful sense of his mother's and sister's grief, should they never hear from him again, came down upon his heart with crushing force. He thought of his messmates, of the grand old frigate

of which he had been so proud, of a thousand beautiful things to which he must now bid good-by forever. Not a ray of light now came to Tom's eyes, or to his mind; but he called back his fugitive courage, and resolved to drown as bravely as he would die if called to do so upon a quarterdeck.

While all this was passing in Tom's mind, he was suddenly thrown with almost stunning force against what seemed to him to be a projecting wall. For an instant he was drawn completely under by the suction at that point; then he seemed to be forced out of the old channel into a new one where the water was not more than half so deep as in the old. Nearly strangled, he recovered his feet, and found that he could stand without difficulty. When he had recovered his breath, he waded a few steps forward, and discovered that the water all the time grew shallower. It was now scarcely up to his waist. He knew that it would be impossible to get back to the place where he had fallen in, and that there was nothing to do but to move on. He accounted for his improved situation, on the ground that the passage he was now in branched off from the main sewer. Carefully

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he felt his way along, grateful that he had been saved from immediate drowning, to say the least. After he had proceeded in this way several rods, the water all the time strangely subsiding, his progress was abruptly checked by the *débris* of an old wall which filled the passage full.

He had been hoping to come upon another opening like that which occasioned his misfortune ; but here he was, as it seemed, completely imprisoned. For a moment he was bewildered, and leaned forward upon the stones, not knowing what to do. " Ah ! " he said, " this is seeing, or rather feeling, subterranean Pompeii. This is worse than the catacombs ; for there, at least, you would be dry shod, and could keep moving for ten years." All at once the very simple thought occurred to him that if a wall had caved in, it would naturally leave some kind of an opening in the place where it had been standing.

Acting upon this very elementary logical sequence, he began to climb over the pile of stones, and presently found himself in a very large cavity with his feet upon a smooth dry surface. He felt around till

his hands came in contact with another wall of much heavier masonry than any he had thus far met. Moving on, he was surprised by another wall running at right angles with the one along which he had been feeling. As he proceeded, his feet kept striking against what sounded wonderfully like earthenware, and all at once it dawned upon him that he was in a cellar or a dungeon. Following upon the heels of this thought was the recollection that his pockets were stuffed with candles.

Boys who camp out are usually wonderfully fertile in invention, and Tom was as clever as the cleverest of them. Tom had this advantage: he could make wet candles burn more readily than wet wood. He quickly drew one from his pocket, cut off the end to get rid of the wet wick, and after violently rubbing his box till the friction removed all the moisture, he struck a match, and had the joy of seeing his candle burn.

Tom's prospects now began to brighten, though still in a very dubious state. He pulled off his clothes and wrung them as dry as possible, emptied the water out of his shoes, and felt by this process

his weight diminish by something like a hundred pounds. He then began to examine his new quarters. He was delighted to find that he was indeed in a cellar. Great abutments here and there, dozens of jars ranged along the walls, made it clear to Tom that he had found his way into one of the large wine cellars of Pompeii. Why this cellar had not been filled with ashes and pumice stone like the others that had been found, he could not tell. Wiser people than Tom must answer this question. All he knew was that there was the cellar, and he was the only visitor it had had for eighteen hundred years.

You would naturally expect Tom to feel very much exhausted about this time; and seeing so many jars he began to wonder if it could be possible that any of them contained wine. If eggshells, and nuts, and brown bread had been kept so long, why not wine in glazed jars hermetically sealed? Do not believe it, boys, if you do not wish to. But Tom actually told it to me, and I believe him. He found a jar containing real wine; and under the circumstances any doctor would advise the most temperate boy to drink it, as Tom did on this occasion. What

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king or millionaire ever drank wine such as this that grew on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius, it may be, two thousand years ago!

In a distant part of the cellar Tom found stone steps very much dilapidated and littered, but affording room enough for a passage-way! Up these steps he crawled till he came to the remains of what had been a massive door. By the falling of a door, just room enough had been left to get through. Shielding his candle from the strong draft which followed him in his course from the sewer, our hero pushed his way through, and stepped into what appeared to be a large corridor, such as he had seen in the villa Diomede the day before. You can imagine Tom's astonishment when he realized that he had discovered an actual house — a house, so far as he had explored, which had not been filled up with ashes and pumice stone like the others that have been found. He could scarcely conceive the possibility of such a thing; but as far as he could see into the gloom of the corridor, everything was clear.

So engrossed was Tom with the thought of his great discovery that he forgot all about his wet con-

dition, and the possibility that in a hundred years or so they might find his skeleton, and take it to be that of an ancient Pompeian youth. An inexperienced boy would have been appalled at the darkness outside the little circle of light made by the candle ; but Tom had been in trying situations before, though we must confess never in any so unpromising as the present. In fact, as he forced his way through a small side entrance, and stood in what was evidently a large room or court, his thoughts amused him.

“ I wonder,” he said, “ if I rummage round here if it will wake up the family and make them think there’s a burglar in the house ! ” He laughed outright at this. He concluded, however, to take a look around, now that he was fairly in the house : after that he would consider the matter of his escape.

Tom knew enough of the plan of a great Pompeian house to know now where he was, and to have a good idea of how to begin his investigations.

His feelings being decidedly agricultural, he thought it would be a good plan to find the dining-room, though not with the slightest anticipation of getting anything to eat. But he thought the sugges-

tion would be pleasant. All around him were the remains of what had once been the costliest furniture, over which he was obliged to climb in making his way to the opposite side. He entered what had been a richly ornamented room. It was small, but large enough to accommodate a good-sized family. A large bronze table stood in the centre of the floor, on three sides of which were broad seats on which the family reclined while eating. On the table stood several large dishes, one of which was covered with beautiful chased work of children playing on the backs of turtles, and climbing reeds in great glee along the River Nile. The walls were frescoed with lively hunting scenes, and midway between the floor and the ceiling was a panelling heavily plated with gold, running entirely around the room. "I wouldn't object to dining here," thought Tom, "if the owner would only have his bright work polished up and the place scrubbed and dusted."

But Tom was obliged to make a more hasty survey. His stock of candles was not large, and the all-important question of how he was going to escape from his prison had not been settled. Around the house

he went, now looking at a picture, and now at a statue in bronze or marble. In one room he lingered several minutes, admiring what he took to be representations of the seven wonders of the world in bronze. He ran his hand over the smooth Colossus, and the polished shaft of the Pharos at Alexandria, and stopped long enough to count the one hundred and twenty-seven columns of the beautiful temple of Diana at Ephesus. In one room were many rolls of papyri, or ancient Latin writings, and in the same room was a statue of Venus, which Tom thought the loveliest of all he had ever seen. One room was full of busts and statues, which he judged to be the *ædicula*, or chapel of the establishment, the place where the "household gods" were worshipped. All the while beautiful pictures looked down upon him from the walls; and he felt that he was in one of the wealthiest and most magnificent houses of the ancient world. Thus he went about examining many objects of great beauty and value which will one day astonish the world; and was about to form some plan of escape, when by mere accident he stepped into one of the sleeping apartments of the house.

The sleeping rooms of an ancient house were very small, but oftentimes were fitted up with great elegance. The one in which Tom found himself had been one of the richest. The cornice work had been heavily gilded, and evidently the finest painters had been employed to decorate the walls. Though knowing little about mythology, Tom had been captivated by the graceful, airy figures in the museum, but he had seen nothing which he thought could compare with the wonderful forms before his eyes. He thought, "This must have been the boudoir of a beautiful young lady," and Tom's gallant soul was deeply moved by his fancy. "Who knows," he continued, "but at the great destruction she died in this house, and that in this very room I may find evidence of it!"

As he thought thus, he cast his eyes towards a little inlaid table, the top of which rested upon a delicate silver shaft, and saw upon it a drinking cup of most exquisite form. This cup was of silver and gold, and in his hand seemed of astonishing weight. When he had rubbed it a little, he found it to be set with precious stones, and to be richly wrought in

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scenes of Bacchanalian feasts. A little gold lamp stood with it on the table. In one corner of the room stood the bedstead. Something about it at once arrested Tom's attention. It was so graceful, and so different from anything else he had ever seen, that he began to examine it minutely. It was apparently of solid silver. About the posts heavily laden vines were entwined, and along the other parts were pictures in relief, all composed of a shining substance like gold. It was a couch befitting a Cleopatra.

Upon the bed was a dark substance which Tom had not as yet noticed. As he glanced down upon it, he gave a start; for there indeed was evidence that this was once the couch of one who had been no doubt one of Pompeii's most charming ladies. Glittering among the few small bones which were all that now remained was a ring. Tom very tenderly, though with considerable trepidation, drew the ring from the delicate bone of a once beautiful finger, gathered up his drinking cup and his gold lamp, and wished, like another Aladdin, that he might, with his lamp and ring, summon genii who could at once transport him to the surface of the earth.

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Tom had seen more wonderful things than I can relate, and now set about in earnest to make his escape. He lighted a fresh candle and began to circumnavigate the interior of the house. For an hour he examined different places to ascertain if he might not, by digging, effect a passage out. A small avalanche of dirt showed him the danger of his method of sapping and mining. He was forced finally to resort to the sewer. He passed through the cellar and crawled out on to the fallen wall which had made the only opening into the house, and soon, by hard lifting, he moved a sufficient number of the stones to admit him into the sewer on the other side of the obstruction. He was overjoyed to find it quite free from water.

I will not describe the weary hours Tom spent in black passages, now crawling, now walking erect, alternating between hope and fear. At last, when he was about to give up in despair, a faint ray of light caught his eye and thrilled him with new hope and courage. Through sand and bushes he at last forced his way into liberty, for he had found the mouth of a sewer. The sun was just setting, and cast a

beautiful halo about the place where Tom emerged. He threw himself down exhausted, but was cheered by the golden sunlight and the music of the sea that came rippling up almost to his feet. Glad was he that night to accept the hospitality of a poor fisherman; and, with his treasures safely hid under his pillow, he slept as sweetly as in the easiest hammock.

The news of Tom's adventure spread like wildfire over Naples. Signor Fiorelli, the supervisor of excavations at Pompeii and director of the *Museo Nazionale*, called upon the Admiral to ascertain the truth of the report, and Tom was summoned into the cabin, and through an interpreter told what I have already related. Signor Fiorelli said, after he had heard all the facts, and carefully examined the objects that Tom had brought away with him, that in all probability the world awaits the most interesting discovery in Pompeii of any that has been made.

Tom honestly gave up his *curios*, but Signor Fiorelli returned the lamp and the cup, keeping the ring for its great value. On the ring was found a delicate inscription in Latin, which you may easily read; and whose value to Signor Fiorelli and the world I

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will trust to your interest in Tom to ascertain from works on Pompeii. It reads:

*Julia, filia Diomedis.*

On a little richly inlaid table in a beautiful parlor on Lexington Avenue stands the gold lamp highly polished. In a charming manner Miss Kate Morgan relates her brother Tom's adventure. Another beautiful young lady residing on Fifth Avenue, whose name is well known in art circles, prizes the cup as the richest of all her gifts, and the one who gave it as the best of all her friends.

## AN ADVENTURE IN CRUSOE- LAND.

**M**AN *the topsail clewlines and buntlines ! Hands by sheets and halliards ! Fib down-haul ! Shorten sail ! Stand clear of the starboard chain ! Let go the starboard anchor !*"

With the last trumpet call, the U. S. corvette *Omaha* rested on the waters of Cumberland Bay.

The *Omaha* was at this time cruising in the South Pacific Ocean, showing our flag in different ports, righting wrongs to American citizens, sending assistance to merchant vessels in distress and rescuing crew and cargo from danger. It was on a voyage from Valparaiso to Talcahuana, that Juan Fernandez, Robinson Crusoe's famous island, fell in the way, and the captain, a good fellow, determined to stop and give the men a run on shore, with opportunity to fish, and hunt the wild goats with which the island abounds.

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This decision was gratifying to all, but especially so to a newly-fledged midshipman, Ryder by name, who stood leaning over the rail gazing at the beautiful water and mountainous shore as only a romantic boy could gaze on Crusoe-land.

It was a lovely afternoon, though late in November; a soft trade wind was blowing, and the water was so clear and limpid that the anchor might be seen as it lay on the bottom thirty fathoms below. Tall mountains, with roaring torrents, grassy valleys, and miles of forest, surrounded the Bay. Ryder longed to leap overboard and swim ashore, that he might search out all the dear old storied localities by himself.

"I'll ask the old man if he won't let me use the little pull-away boat, and take a look to-night on my own account," was his practical way out to this pleasure. "The sun won't set yet for an hour and a half."

Full of the brilliant idea, he turned and saw the commanding officer pacing the quarter deck.

"May I go ashore, sir?" he ventured mildly.

"Log written up for the week?" returned the captain, a twinkle in his eye which Ryder did not see.

"N-no, sir," faltered the midshipman.

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The captain passed on, and Ryder touched his cap and returned to the poop. "That confounded log! Why had he neglected it? What possessed the old man to come down on him at this time of all?" he reflected wrathfully, honestly convinced that the commanding officer bore him a personal grudge.

This feeling became intensified as, bolting toward the steerage ladder to go down and get at the "log" at once, the captain stopped him short. "Here, sir, go take charge of the men on the ash-whip!"

Ryder paused, taken aback. His crestfallen aspect appeared to give Captain Jamieson much amusement.

"Ay, ay, sir!" he said at last, starting away.

"What were you going to do when I spoke?"

"Write up my log, sir."

"Oh, very well! Go and do so, else I might quarantine you to-morrow also."

After the eleven-o'clock breakfast the following day, wood and water having been taken in, and the vessel put into condition, officers and men were ready to go ashore. Ryder, with the burden of an unwritten log off his mind, stood in the gangway, to be the first to leave the ship.





TWO CENTURIES BEFORE. — THE WONDERFUL FOOTPRINT.

## AN ADVENTURE IN CRUSOE-LAND.

He had invited an older midshipman named Hubbard, to accompany him on his romantic pilgrimage, it having transpired that Hubbard had visited the island before. Several whale-boats were manned, and across the silvery waters of the bay they skimmed, then a hundred yards or so up a little stream which was the most exquisitely clear bit of water Ryder had ever beheld. This stream flows down the mountain into the bay, fresh, cold, and sparkling. Passing ships always take in water supplies here.

“Poor old Crusoe had one luxury at least!” observed Ryder, drinking from his palm.

The landing was easily made on a grassy knoll, the boats drawn up on shore, and secured. Hubbard and Ryder separated from the rest, some of whom had planned fishing and hunting excursions, some voyages of discovery, and some

To lie a-basking in the sun,  
In the sun.

As the two midshipmen strolled away, Ryder's active imagination sent him back two hundred years. Was he really treading the ground Robinson Crusoe's weary feet had paced? Here, on the seashore, must

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be the identical spot where Robinson had made his strange discovery. Heavens! Was it not before him? Had the ripples of two centuries failed to obliterate that wonderful footprint? Ryder stooped to examine the phenomenon.

"What *are* you gaping at?" inquired Hubbard, who was not burdened with romantic memories and fancies.

"Is this not peculiar? See! Here is the print of a human foot, small and delicate, and oddly enough, with toes clearly marked!" replied Ryder.

"Oh, some of those little pickaninnies have been around staring at the ship. We will come across them before long probably."

Ryder's face fell. *Pickaninnies!* what or who were they? But the midshipman had not advanced a hundred feet, when several little dark-skinned children appeared coming slowly and shyly toward them.

"They belong here on the island," explained Hubbard. "Don't you see those thatched cottages on the skirts of the forest?"

Ryder's air-castles were beginning to totter. "What business had Robinson Crusoe's island to be inhabited?" he thought indignantly. He supposed, in com-

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mon with most boys, that the island was still a lone, solitary spot, dreary with old ocean's interminable roar.

"How do they come to be here?" he asked at last.

"Well, the island is leased by a Mr. Ledyard, who uses it as a sort of huge potato-patch, but finds it a rather unprofitable business. The entire population consists of about twenty Chilians—seven women, eight men, and half a dozen children."

It should be understood that this visit took place in 1873, or thereabouts, when Juan Fernandez was in Mr. Ledyard's possession. His lease expired in 1875, and since then, the boys may like to know, it has been taken by one Herr von Rodt, whose career has been adventurous enough to make him a worthy successor of Robinson Crusoe himself. Distinguished by his valor as a lieutenant of cuirassiers, in the Austrian service, and later, having won renown in the Franco-Prussian war in 1871, he emigrated to Chili, where he became equally successful as a business man. A short time ago he obtained from the Republic a long lease of the island of Juan Fernandez, purchased a steamer, and carried to it a small colony of agriculturists and stockmen. There he raises cattle and

vegetables wherewith to supply whaling-ships with fresh provisions. Herr von Rodt governs his subjects in a truly Crusonian manner; serves out their rations in person, and exercises a patriarchal control over their morals and manners.

Ryder felt, when Hubbard had finished speaking, as though a good deal of life's glamour had departed forever. Almost on the instant, to his dismay, he ceased to imagine the hairy hunter, with his gun and goat, scaling the wooded heights, or to look for a man Friday behind every tree. His day's pleasure was spoiled at the very outset.

"I'll tell you what," said Hubbard, when they had come to a halt, "we'll climb first to Alexander Selkirk's lookout. It's a notch on the top of this mountain, and we're right at the path which leads to it."

The ascent was not difficult: along a winding path, overgrown with grass and weeds, past hemlock and pine, through underbrush, and over the crackling leaves. After the young middies had tramped for half an hour, talking of everything under the sun, Hubbard said suddenly, as they came to a clearing:

"Do you see that ruined fortification on our left?

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That is Fort Juan Baptiste, now innocent of soldiery or cannon. It was held and abandoned by the Spaniards many years ago. Those weather-beaten, broken-down doors in the side of the mountain are entrances to small caves where the Chilians who occupied the fort after the Spaniards, confined revolutionary prisoners."

They paused to view the queer old crumbling ruins, the ramparts overgrown with grass, and the two antiquated guns which had lain there in rusty solitude for two centuries, and then toiled on again upward. Hubbard related the story on which *he* believed De Foe's *Robinson Crusoe* to be founded.

"In 1681," he said, "a Mosquito Indian was left on the island of Juan Fernandez by a Captain Watling, when his ship was chased from Cumberland Bay by two Spanish men-of-war. The poor fellow had a much harder time than Selkirk, for he was left with only his knife and gun. The ship went northward to Panama, and her crew being buccaneers, they there became scattered, some coming as far north as the eastern shore of Virginia. In 1681, a privateering expedition was fitted out at what is now known

## AN ADVENTURE IN CRUSOE-LAND.

as Accomack, Virginia, under a Captain Cooke, who made his way around the Horn, and finally anchored in Cumberland Bay, where he found Will, the Mosquito Indian, who had been there for three years, all alone. Will appears to have been as tenacious of life as most mosquitoes," dryly concluded the narrator.

"Don't believe it. Where did you pick it up?"

"I found the story in an old work called *Early English Circumnavigators*, which, by the way, I advise you to read. It will strengthen your mind, sonny, and enlarge your understanding, and tone your imagination," kindly suggested Hubbard, patting his companion on the head.

"I'd send you flying downhill for two cents," responded Ryder.

They had left the beaten path by this time, and were climbing up through a ravine made by the heavy rains. Ryder began to pant after they had been walking about an hour and a half. "I wonder if Robinson took this climb every day to the Lookout! I'm fagged," said he.

The Lookout when reached, proved nothing more nor less than a flat stone placed in a notch of a large

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mountain called in English "The Anvil." It was on this stone, beyond doubt, that Selkirk used to station himself to "*look out*" for ships going north or south, in either of which directions they were likely to sail bound around the Hôrn.

Here, also, Ryder observed a bronze slab which had been placed in the notch, as it testified, by the officers of H. B. M. flagship *Topaz*, with the legend that Alexander Selkirk was carpenter of a British privateer, the *Cinque Ports*; that, disagreeing with his captain—in short, making a mutiny—he was put ashore on this island in the month of September, 1704. He was not relieved till February, 1709, by the privateer *Duke and Duchess*, of Bristol; and finally died a lieutenant in the navy, on board the *Weymouth*.

The Lookout seemed to somewhat restore our young climber's enthusiasm. On the flat stone he stood, no longer midshipman U. S. N., but Alexander Selkirk himself, lonely, homesick, and weary with watching for the ship which was so long in coming. He imagined him repeating the words :

I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute !

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to keep alive his courage and his interest in life.

“ ‘Monarch’ of a vast and wondrously romantic domain, anyhow,” Ryder thought.

At his feet was a precipice, stretching down into the sea. On either side rose cliffs, tall and almost perpendicular. Behind him was the ascent he had just climbed. He leaned against the cliff on the right, feeling through every nerve the influence of the blue sky, the serene, silent ocean trembling in the sunshine and rolling gently on to meet the distant horizon.

A long-drawn-out yawn awoke him from his reverie. He found Hubbard stretched on the grass, regarding him with some amusement. “Say, youngster,” he remarked coolly, “what you mooning about up there? And say, do you mind if I take a nap here in the shade? All right; don’t speak for an hour and a half.”

The young middy was in a mood to be well pleased with being left to himself. Looking around, he saw the rocks and the sides of the cliff were covered with names of people who had visited the place, and a desire seized him to register his name on the very peak of the cliff. He made the ascent, catching here a bunch of sturdy weeds, there a cactus, wild

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cabbage or stumpy palm, until he stood at the top on a little patch of grass, flushed and panting.

What a glorious view met his eyes! He was almost among the clouds: a strong breeze sent his blood whirling along his veins. He crept near the edge of the cliff, and gazed down upon the ocean waves thousands of feet below, and he could not help a shudder as he thought what a death would befall one who should venture too far and miss his footing! A small shrub with thick bark grew near him. He grasped it, and, taking out his jackknife, carved his name. Then he lay back on the grass and closed his eyes for a little rest before attempting the descent.

How long he lay there he knew not; but opening his eyes he discovered he had been asleep. "He's had his hour and a half, I guess," he thought, laughing softly; and then finding himself surrounded by a dull, gray light, he exclaimed breathlessly:

"Good gracious! how long have I slept? It must be to-morrow morning!" Then he found the air damp and cold, neither sea nor sky visible. "Oh, I know what the trouble is," he said to himself, much relieved, "a passing cloud has lodged about me. All

## AN ADVENTURE IN CRUSOE-LAND.

I've got to do is lie still until it blows away."

But alas, for poor Ryder! The gray dampness meant more than a passing cloud. The fact was, while he had been sleeping a heavy mist and fog had stolen up the mountain and in from the sea, and had formed a blank wall on every side. The young midddy at last became aware of the real state of affairs, and the peril attending a movement in any direction. The fog would not disperse, in all probability, before morning; the ship was to sail at day-break, and here he was, as much a prisoner as though behind bolts and bars! A terrible helpless feeling took possession of him. He dared not move lest he slip over the edge of the cliff. It occurred to him that if he could hear his friend's voice, it might guide his movements. He called him once, twice, three times — but no answer came back. The suspense became intolerable. There was but one escape, an alternative that almost stopped the beating of his heart. *He could roll down into the notch*, taking the chances of rolling in the wrong direction and thus being dashed into the sea!

Feeling around, he found the stump by which he

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had gained the summit. That alone guided the direction he was to take. The fog was so dense he could not see an inch before his face. No, he must remember just where the stump looked to be when he first took hold of it; and as he now remembered, it grew on the ocean side. He must roll in a diagonally opposite direction, in order to strike the path in the woods, instead of the rocks and breakers below. One hasty thought of his parents in his far away home, one deep, gasping sigh, his teeth set, a little prayer in his heart, and Ryder had let go his hold; he had started on his short, but terrible journey!

It was only a few moments, but it seemed ages till he had rolled heavily against a dark object, not the cruel rocks, not the eager, hungry water, but his friend Hubbard, who, waking suddenly and finding himself tumbling down an incline, imagined he was going over the cliff, and, clutching Ryder, howled for help. Presently they came to a halt. A log had broken their fall, and also came near breaking their heads! They sat up, and with one accord rubbed their knees and elbows. Ryder remained very quiet for a moment or so and then shaking himself

like a Newfoundland dog, he staggered to his feet.

"Come, rouse up old fellow," he cried, giving his friend a sounding slap on the back. "We've both overslept, and if we expect to reach the ship to-night, we must start at once. I wonder what time it is?" No need to inquire, for at that moment the report of the ship's evening gun echoed and re-echoed among the crags. Five o'clock! Sunset in that latitude at that season of the year. Night was approaching. How could they find their way to the distant landing through all the fog and darkness! "See, the mist is clearing!" added Ryder, more hopefully. "Let's be on the move. Search parties will be sent for us, and we'll be aboard ship before we know what we're about."

Hubbard looked slightly incredulous. He thought it much more probable they might wander about old Crusoe's island all night.

Crawling under tough branches, falling over stray logs, fairly skating down slides, bumping against trees, brushing past thorny bushes, the cold night air penetrating even their thick blouses, visions came to them of the warm, cosey steerage on the berth deck. All were aboard by this time, eating a piping hot dinner,

## AN ADVENTURE IN CRUSOE-LAND.

and recounting adventures. Would they be missed and sent for? or would the captain set sail, leaving them to their fill of Crusoe life?

On the poor shivering middies pressed until a sudden and very peculiar cry arrested them; then there was a sharp yelp, a low growl in their very ears, and an immense black animal with fierce burning eyes sprang out from the blackness of the bush and stood in the path before them. It was a wild dog! one of the savage beasts they had been warned against before leaving the ship, and whose existence had passed completely out of their minds until that instant. For a moment they stood rooted to the spot. Ordinary dogs, savage by nature or training, they both had met many a time, but this creature of the wolf species, rendered desperate by hunger, untamed, and bloodthirsty as any beast of the forest, was no common foe. The animal moved slowly toward them, growling in a deep, threatening way. He placed himself in the act to spring, the boys in the act to strike. One confused moment, then a sudden rush, a snarl of rage, two hardy knotted canes flying through the air, a frantic flash at the red, glaring eyeballs so cruelly near, and—

silence and safety! The furious beast lay at their feet!

“What an escape!” cried Ryder. There was no response. Hubbard had fallen, and had fainted with pain and fatigue. At that same instant other cries broke on the air—the whole pack of wild dogs were making for the path, Ryder divined.

He knelt down, his face buried in his hands. Exhausted, aching in every muscle, seeing no way to help his friend, yet resolved not to leave him, he determined to fight his best and die if he must. The noises sounded nearer and nearer. He saw flashes of light through the trees. “Their gleaming eyes!” he thought, his heart beating thickly. He dropped his head in despair for an instant.

“Halloo! Halloo!” shouted a kindly voice, and the old boatswain held a lantern so that it shone full in his face. “Here they are, boys! both of ’em!”

Then Ryder fainted too.

How the two middies reached the ship they never fully realized; but certain it is, that Ryder feels that De Foe did not half exhaust the horrible perils of Robinson Crusoe’s stay on that wild, lone island.

## THE CARIB CAPTAIN'S STORY.

**H**E was stout and straight, with long black hair, and skin of yellow brown. I called him "my Carib Captain," because, in my many cruises in the Caribbean Sea, his was the sloop that carried me from island to island of that great archipelago.

He had received an education superior to that usually given the people of his tribe, as the priest who ruled his little village had hoped to make of him a missionary, to be of use in converting to the Roman faith the Indians of other islands. But his wayward nature refused to submit to priestly orders, and he broke away to a roving life among the islands of the West Indies and the great South American rivers. In listening to his tales and traditions, which covered a period of ten years of wandering, I whiled away many a long tropic day and night.

## THE CARIB CAPTAIN'S STORY.

One, in particular, I remember, which he related while we were crossing a channel separating two islands, Nevis and St. Christopher. Both islands are of volcanic origin; the former consists of but a single peak, rising from the sea like a spire thrust up through a cloud-wreath; the latter was one of the islands discovered by Columbus in 1493, and received its name from a fancied resemblance of its principal peak to the good giant, Saint Christopher, who, in the legend, bore the infant Jesus on his shoulders. It has many beautiful estates of sugar-cane, and the mountain forests are full of wonderful forms of tropical vegetation. In them also are found numerous troops of monkeys, which make their homes in the woods, where they defy capture among the lofty trees and swinging bush-ropes, and whence they descend frequently to the cane-fields and cacao groves and commit great depredations.

I was inquiring about the monkeys, whether they differed from those of other islands, and if the story were true that they had communication under the sea with the adjacent island of Nevis. My captain replied that they were different from monkeys further

## THE CARIB CAPTAIN'S STORY.

south, and that they actually possessed a submarine tunnel to Nevis. He spoke so positively that I asked him how he knew, when he quietly answered that he had been through the passage himself.

"What! traversed, a tunnel under the sea for a distance of five or six miles?"

"Yes, Monsieur, I think it was all of five miles, and I went in at St. Kitts' side and came out at Nevis."

"The proof, captain, the proof!"

"Monsieur, I will give that later; if you like the story —"

"Well, the story; and we will prove the truth or falsity of it when we hunt through the mountains."

"We will."

Giving directions to the boy at the tiller to hold the vessel on her course, he sat down on the rail, while I stretched myself beneath the shade of the sail.

"You see, Monsieur, the mountains of St. Kitts and Nevis are very high for such small islands; Mount Misery is four thousand five hundred feet, and the peak of Nevis, three thousand six hundred feet. They are well covered with trees, and there

## THE CARIB CAPTAIN'S STORY.

are great ravines and gulches in them, some of them containing hot and mineral springs. The monkeys love these gloomy gulches and make them their headquarters, whence they descend to the lowlands, and sometimes may be found along the coast. I owned a little cacao grove in a valley among the southern hills, where I had built a small hut, and had moved there from the coast at the opening of the fifth year. The trees had made excellent growth, and the stems and branches were well laden with great red and purple pods, and I looked forward to making money enough from this crop to pay the expenses of the four preceding years. But just as I had got my hut finished to my liking, and the crop was about ready to be gathered, down trooped a gang of monkeys from the mountains, and ruined my hopes in a single night. I heard them howling and barking on their way back, early in the morning, but did not pay much attention to it, nor think further of it, till I took my customary walk at daybreak through the grove. Then I was filled with consternation, for my trees were almost entirely stripped.

“The sly dogs had not uttered a sound while in

## THE CARIB CAPTAIN'S STORY.

the grove, but could not restrain their exultant yelps as they went off. Not content with eating the pulp out of enough to satisfy their appetites, they had destroyed all they could by throwing it over a precipice, and pelting one another with the pods.

“You may imagine I felt full of wrath; and as soon as I could get some plantains roasted and a cup of coffee, I seized my old gun and cutlass [the cutlass is a great knife carried by all laborers in the West Indies; it is over two feet long, two inches broad and very strong], and started.

“By carefully following up the scattered fragments of cacao pods, I traced the culprits into a black opening in the southern wall of the cliffs lining a great ravine. It seemed open and clear of obstacles, but I hesitated, because I had no light and no ropes. To tell the truth, I was a little afraid I might suddenly pop into some hole leading into the crater.

“Some great gommier trees grew near by, and I soon scraped enough gum from them to make two large torches; I then cut a long vine from the lianas hanging from the trees, fastened one end at the mouth of the cave, and entered, holding the other end in my

## THE CARIB CAPTAIN'S STORY.

hand. When in as far as I could grope my way, I lighted one my torches, tied my cutlass to my belt, and held my gun in readiness for whatever might come in my way.

“I went on and on; the floor seemed smooth, and the walls were high enough to permit me to pass along easily; and when I came to the end of my line, I dropped it and still went on. After an hour or more, the tunnel not coming to an end, I began to think that this might really be the passage through to Nevis.

“The stillness and darkness were oppressive, but I determined to go on so long as my torches lasted and the passage grew no worse. I had given up the hope of finding the monkeys, now that I believed this their retreat to the other island. They were probably over there long ago, safe in the forests.

“Suddenly I was alarmed by something twitching at my cap, which, before I had recovered from my fright, was seized by some invisible being and lifted from my head.

“Swinging my torch around quickly, I caught sight of a pair of glittering eyes, and made out a dusky

## THE CARIB CAPTAIN'S STORY.

form retreating into a hole in the wall over my head. Turning back, I saw a host of black forms on all fours watching my motions. Realizing the danger of advancing further, I turned directly about and started to go back. Instantly that mass of black beings set up such a howling that I nearly dropped my torch, and my knees shook so I could hardly stand. With cries which seemed of mingled rage and terror, those dusky creatures would not move a foot; those behind crowded down upon those in front till I really could see nothing but a moving mass of monkeys.

“What to do I knew not; should I fire at the foremost monkeys, I could kill but a few, and the others would become infuriated and rush upon me. I soon concluded to push on, hoping to find the end of the passage. Every step I took was followed; the whole throng stopped when I stopped, crept silently along behind me when I ventured on, and became possessed by a great terror. I desired to run, but the floor of the tunnel was so uneven that I dared not, and black fissures extending downward, increased in number as I went on.

## THE CARIB CAPTAIN'S STORY.

“My only hope was that I might reach the end of the tunnel, and I had great anxiety on account of my torches. I also felt need of food. I instinctively swung my hand around, and felt in my canvas bag for the yams and plantains I had placed there in the morning. They were gone.

“The monkeys had stolen them!

“As I stood there, I felt my hand grasped by a cold paw, and looking down, I saw a very large monkey, wearing my cap on his head, and complacently munching one of my plantains. Indignation so overcame me that I gave Mr. Monkey a cuff with my gun-barrel that knocked him off among the others. Instantly there ensued a tempest of howlings, and I thought my end had surely come. They gathered about their wounded leader, and seemed to be offering him assistance. I could not tell what to expect, but was prepared for anything except what followed; for, imagine my surprise when the monkey gathered himself up, toddled towards me, and again seized my hand, as though to assure me that he bore me no malice. We went on, the crowd following quietly in the rear. Whenever I attempted to turn about, the

monkeys would chatter and show their teeth, and the one holding my hand pull gently in the opposite direction.

“Presently the roariag of the sea, which of late I had heard faintly (having been all the time descend. ing), grew louder, and we began to ascend. After a good distance, the tunnel made a dip again; and I distinctly heard the breaking of waves against rocks not far away. The descent was now very steep, and we were finally stopped by water. Though it must have been deep down from the surface, there was yet a tint to the water, indicating that light was shining through it from above.

“Here it seemed as though further retreat were stopped, and I must either fight my way away from those monkeys or drown. Feeling a tugging at my hand, I looked down and saw my special monkey making gestures.

“A narrow ledge jutted from the face of the tunnel, along which my four-footed companions began to walk. Seeing no alternative, I followed, though I had difficulty in keeping my hold, encumbered as I was with gun and torch. We soon reached a crevice

## THE CARIB CAPTAIN'S STORY.

through which I squeezed, to find myself in a large chamber, lighted by cracks through the rock forming its roof.

“After I had entered, my attendants came in pell-mell and squatted around at a respectful distance, while my friend who had stolen my cap seemed to invite me to make myself at home. There was no apparent escape. Though I was convinced I had emerged from beneath the sea, there was no aperture large enough to crawl out. I was tired and hungry, and began to search in my haversack for some crumbs and eat them; perceiving which, one of the monkeys approached and offered a pod of my own cacao.

“His example seemed contagious; for one after another came up until I was well supplied with cacao, which, though not desirable food, would allay hunger and thirst awhile.

“Feeling I could safely do so, I yielded to fatigue and fell asleep, though it could not have been later than noon. When I awoke I could see nothing but a pair of eyes shining out of the darkness near me. They belonged to the large monkey, who had kept watch over me while I slept, and who now came

## THE CARIB CAPTAIN'S STORY.

forward and laid his hand caressingly upon my leg. Instead of fearing him, as at first, I welcomed him. Judging from the entire absence of eyes which would otherwise have gleamed like stars in the dark, I concluded the others had gone out hunting; a conclusion verified the next morning, when I awoke from another nap and found them trouping into my prison. They brought me more cacao and some plantains and bananas which the boldest of them laid near me with a mixture of shyness and bravado most amusing.

“The second day passed drearily, and I was revolving in my mind how I might escape. To make an exit through the crevices above was impossible; there only remained that passage that ended so abruptly in the sea. But each time I made a move in that direction my guide would growl and the monkeys chatter and show their teeth. I almost despaired; thirst was consuming me; hunger had been but partially allayed by the raw plantains and bananas.

“Near the close of the second day, my jailor seemed to invite me to follow him to the further end of the cavern. Taking up my cutlass I groped my way after him to the other side of the chamber, where,

## THE CARIB CAPTAIN'S STORY.

hidden by the gloom, I found an aperture large enough to admit my body. Crawling along a low and narrow passage for about twenty feet, we came out into a very large cavern, where, reclining upon the floor, I saw a great number of monkeys—their dark forms were everywhere. They manifested no astonishment at my presence, and, beyond a low murmur that went around the room at our approach, made no noise. My guide seemed to take great pride in this assemblage of monkeys, and finally it dawned upon me that this was the nursery, where the mothers and grandmothers took care of the younger ones until it was safe to allow them to run in the forest.

“But I was parched with thirst, and would gladly have missed the nursery for one drink of pure water. Seemingly divining my desire, my guide arose, scampered to the opposite side of the chamber, and disappeared around an angle of the wall which curtained another passage-way. Immediately upon turning this angle I heard the unmistakable roar of water falling from a height. I darted joyfully onward. I could see the course of the torrent by the flashes of foam, but other than this all was midnight blackness.

## THE CARIB CAPTAIN'S STORY.

“ But what I took for a rock was a silently moving body of water. In a second of time I was hurried down the rapid, enveloped in darkness; another, and I was jammed into a tunnel through which the water forced its way. . .

“ For a moment I hung there submerged; then the force of the volume of water above me dashed me onward through the tunnel, blinded, strangled, almost senseless, until stranded, after a heavy fall, in shallow water. There I lay, with a confused sense of my condition, unable to move; and it was perhaps two hours before I could sit erect. Then I found I had been thrown into another cavern, resembling a chamber of crystal; but the light that reached me came *through the water* from the outside. The stream, after falling through the cliffs above, here spread over a smooth level bed, so broad that the water had but little depth. As reason returned to me, I felt that now I must and could escape. I have said that this cavern was lighted from the outside, from the *sea*. This stream, that came in from the heights of the mountains, had not always pursued a subterranean course; it could not plunge into the sea beneath its surface.

## THE CARIB CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"But there was no visible opening, for the rock dipped down below the sea level; but I felt from the light that filtered up through the water that it was possible for me to dive beneath the wall and come up *outside*.

"Yes, the avenue of escape lay before me. I arose to avail myself of it; but, as I tightened my belt around me, preparatory to making the plunge, I heard a noise of many cries sounding through a hole in the rock above, and knew the monkeys were on my trail by a less expeditious but safer route than the one I had chosen.

"A moment later, and I was beneath the waves; another, and the sun was streaming down upon me through trees overhanging a rocky shore.

"Do you see that coral ledge jutting into the channel? Well, *that* was the point where I landed on Nevis shore, just beneath that cocoa palm."

Here my Carib Captain abruptly ended his narrative, for the sloop had run under the lee of an island with a great mountain in its centre; the sails were flapping, and he ran aft to lay hold of the tiller.

## HOW A WHITE MAN BECAME WAR CHIEF OF THE ZUNIS.



THE GOVERNOR OF ZUNI.

THE pueblo of  
Zuñi—that  
strange In-  
dian village of  
many houses  
in one—was  
standing, old,  
and gray, and  
dusty, in 1538,  
when the Span-  
ish conquer-  
ors found it,

away up in what is now called New Mexico, not far from the western Arizona boundary. The gentle, low-voiced, peace-loving Indians that live in it to-day are descendants of those who were there then,

## THE WAR CHIEF OF THE ZUNIS.

and they live in the same idyllic manner as then. A race of citizen-farmers, with laws and regulations which are sound at the core, and a religion which, though full of pagan rites and ceremonies, preserves its followers in kindness and simplicity.

Mr. Frank Cushing, the young white man who has been living with these village Indians for the last three years, sees the same kind of daily life that Coronado, the old Spanish captain, saw when he went up to subjugate them. Zuñi was one of the seven cities of Cibola discovered by some wandering explorers; one of seven mud and stone structures which stood "within four leagues together," constituting an Indian kingdom. The great many-roomed building has now about sixteen hundred inhabitants, but at the time of the Conquest it must have contained five or six thousand. Mr. Cushing found them very pleasant Indians indeed. Not the hunting, fishing and fighting kind, but farmers, with large droves of horses, mules, donkeys, sheep and poultry, and raising cotton, corn, wheat and fruit, and even understanding irrigation, or how to water their fields at stated times by means of ditches and water-gates; and they spin

## THE WAR CHIEF OF THE ZUNIS.

and weave good cloth, though they do all these things with rude implements and contrivances, even their ploughs and spades being of wood, and in no better ways than three hundred years ago. They excel in more æsthetic directions: make very handsome blankets and water-tight willow baskets, and their earthen jars and vessels are celebrated for fine glaze and artistic decorations, and the walls of their dwellings, and the rock-cliffs about them, show attempts at painting and sculpture.

Zuñi is built in a sheltered nook of the desert country, among the *mesas*, or table-topped hills, and itself looks like a great ant-hill, as it is built up in terraces, seven lofts or stories high, which is flat-topped. The houses, or rooms, are all connected, and the aspect is very picturesque, as the roads run under some of them, and you go in and out, and up and down, by means of ladders. At night all these ladders are drawn in, and foes would find no method of entrance. The rooms are built on platforms of poles piled thick with small sticks, and covered heavily with mud-mortar smoothed until a hard earthen floor is formed. The walls are of sun-dried bricks, called

## THE WAR CHIEF OF THE ZUNIS.

*adobe*, or of stone set in mud-mortar. In fact, as "H. H." has said, the architectural idea of the pueblo seems identical with that of the mud-sparrow's nest. The rooms are plastered inside, and are very cool and pleasant, and Mr. Cushing says the Zuñi women are excellent housekeepers.

But the peculiar feature of the pueblo is the *estufa*, or hot-house; a large room half under ground, with one entrance through the top only, used as a bath-house, a dance-hall, and a council-chamber. In the centre is a square stone box where the sacred fire is kept perpetually burning. Here the old men, the priests and the warriors gather to discuss the affairs of the nation. Here meet the priests of the Order of the Bow, and the four chosen ones who have in charge the history of the tribe, the traditions which have been handed down orally through this sacred Ka Ka; for whenever one of the four dies, his successor is immediately appointed, and he with solemn observances commits the history to memory.

To these mysterious recitals the attention of learned men has been attracted. The Zuñi is not only one of the oldest Indian civilizations, but no white man



VIEW IN ZUNI, LOOKING N.E.



MODERN PUEBLO.  
ZUNI



THE PUEBLO OF ZUNI.

## THE WAR CHIEF OF THE ZUNIS.

has ever been permitted to hear their traditions ; and it is believed that the history has not been enlarged or diminished or changed by so much as one word for no one knows how many hundreds of years. Therefore, those who are interested in the question of the origin of the races, who hope some day to solve the mystery of "where the Indians came from," have thought that the oral records of these primitive and conservative Indians might throw some light upon the subject. And Mr. Cushing, who was a member of an expedition sent out by the Smithsonian Institution to study the architecture and language and habits of the pueblo people, grew so interested in the idea that he at last became an Indian himself, that he might penetrate even to the sacred recitals of the *estufas*.

The expedition left him at the pueblo. At first the Indians did not mind his presence. But when they saw him day by day writing down their stories, and making sketches, they grew distrustful. He, however, made friends of the children—the most beautiful children in the world, he says they are—and so won his way, until one man finally adopted

## THE WAR CHIEF OF THE ZUNIS.

him as his son. They gave him the name of Kwapon-se-ta, or, He-who-carries-the-flapping-medicine-



DECORATIVE.

bag, because he went about with a bag containing his writing and sketching materials and his knife.

Seeing that he still continued his questionable work, they appointed one night the great war-dance,

## THE WAR CHIEF OF THE ZUNIS.

Ho-ni-ah-te-hi. They thought this would terrify him into leaving the village. But here we will let our young ethnologist tell his story, as he told it a few weeks ago at the Smithsonian, when he visited Washington with six of the Zuñi caciques and priests:

“When I saw this magnificent war-dance in the court below me, in which were some fifty-two participants with blood-red masks, carrying immense stone knives, and decorated with feathers covered with symbolic marks, I instantly began to sketch them. Suddenly I saw the dancers stop, and as suddenly the women and children run into the houses; at the same moment two remarkably painted figures ran into the court carrying war-clubs. I supposed all this was a part of the ceremonial, and as these were new figures, I began to sketch them. After a short deliberation, they started up the ladder after me. As there were some sixty behind me, and more than a thousand in front, of course I had nothing to do but to wait events and plan quickly some means of escape. Accordingly I drew out my knife and waved it in the air, smiling on the two figures. Then I laughed aloud, as if supposing it all a joke. I then

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laid the knife down conspicuously in front of me, and went on sketching. At this, one of the two turned around and shook his head at the other, when they both ran down into the court shouting out that I was a *Ki he*. Then the dance was resumed, the people laughing and shouting with all their might. It was determined that a navajo must be killed. Immediately an immense yellow dog was dragged into the court and sacrificed. This I afterwards learned would have been my fate had it not been decided that I was a *Ki he*, which means a 'spiritual friend;' and happy is the man who bears that title, for he is secure from all harm at the hands of the Zuñis.

"Now I found it necessary to adopt the costume of this tribe, their habits of life, &c. Therefore, when they insisted on giving me a head-band, I put it on; a woven coat, I put it on; a belt, and to complete my costume, knee-breeches, I put them on; and from that day until three weeks since, I lived as an Indian."

But in order to become a member of the Order of the Bow, Mr. Cushing was obliged to procure the scalp of an Apache Indian. Eighteen months

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elapsed before this could be brought about ; but at last he presented himself before the head chief, scalp in hand. Then followed some curious ordeals. Mr. Cushing says

“ I was placed on an ant-hill in the middle of the valley of Zuñi, under a hot midsummer sun, with no head-covering, and compelled to sit there all day. Towards evening I was taken to the Chamber of Warriors, and placed on a blanket, where I remained for four days and nights. That was only a part of the initiation. After the fourth day I was taken during the night, to the Council Chamber of Warriors of the Priesthood of the Bow. The ceremony which followed is indescribably grand. One can scarcely reconcile himself to the fact that these Indians are capable of such grand ceremonies as those which are carried on in their secret orders.

“ My initiation took place at midnight. I was breathed upon and grasped by all the members in the Order, thirty-one in number. My war-club and other objects presented to me were grasped by each member, and breathed upon, with songs and prayers ; and at daylight, the high priest tying an olive

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bracelet upon my wrist, I was considered a member of the Priesthood of the Bow. There yet remained, however, twelve days of ceremonial before the completion of the initiation."

Mr. Cushing a little later was appointed war chief of the tribe. He says, "I am now the war chief of the Zuñis. It is the only absolute position in the tribe, for the war chief can command in all directions, and his mandates are law; while the political chief must submit all his measures to a council, in which, if there be one dissenting voice, these measures are abolished."

Still many mysteries were withheld from him. Although an old blind, white-haired man, the Homer of the tribe, had recited to him an ancient iliad "in regular metre, divided into books of four chapters each, each chapter divided into four paragraphs — a literary production not of the pen, but of the tongue" — the vital history of the tribe was still refused him.

At last they told him that if he would give token of his desire to lay his heart in Zuñi, and become one of them forever by marrying one of their daughters, they would grant his request. He declined this.

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offer, but compromised with the chiefs by agreeing to conduct them to the shores of the Atlantic for a new supply of sea-water.

The Zuñis believed that the earth rose up out of the world of waters, that beneath it was an ocean, and above it another ocean, in the skies, of which the clouds were the breakers and the foam. When their ancestors came from the caverns of the earth they brought water from the lower ocean, and left the injunction that it should be preserved, and used in the prayers of summer, and should be added to from the ocean of the West and of the East. They had always had enough from the Pacific, but that from the eastern ocean, the Atlantic, was nearly gone, and they were very anxious to get a fresh supply. The little they had was contained in cane tubes, and had been brought to them more than a century before. And so they came to Boston, and in Boston harbor Mr. Cushing was baptized into the highest circle of the Zuñi tribe.

The hospitalities of the city of Boston were extended to them, and they especially enjoyed their visit at the State House, where they saw the laws that gov-

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ern us written down on parchment, which filled them with wonder, as theirs are passed from mouth to mouth. One of the caciques, addressing the mayor, said, "Without touching the earth, we have stepped from Zuñi to the ocean of sunrise. Splendidly, grandly, wonderfully, have we come to this country. Happily, too! When we reached the borders of civilization our thoughts broke down with wonder. Like some great animal with wings, the being that bore us towards the East [the locomotive] flew so swiftly that we could not see the world stand still. The land of the Americans is filled with steam and rain, and to such an extent that the clouds — clouds that we pray for daily in our country — cover the skies, so that we lost sight of our father, the Sun, and knew not what time it was, nor in what direction we journeyed. The days have been numbered, and now I come to meet you and your children in this magnificent pueblo. Thanks, my fathers, all."

Three receptions were given them in the Old South, where the pleasant brown-faced men, picturesque in their blue blouses and leather leggings, with knee-breeches adorned with silver buttons, their

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glossy black hair confined with red handkerchiefs, told us folk-lore stories, and danced us most wonderful dances, and sang us songs. The Zuñi songs are wild and weird, with those rolling undertones and frequent emphatic bursts always noted in the songs of wild tribes, be they negro or Indian. Fun and humor are strong elements in their character, and we fancy it was in a spirit of mischief that one of them, when presented with a fan, stuck it conspicuously in his head-band, where it literally "spread itself" like a war-plume.

But it was at informal receptions like those at the Paint and Clay Club that they relaxed their dignity and showed themselves the jolly, cheerful fellows they really were. There they chatted and told stories, smoked cigarettes, danced, and enjoyed themselves so thoroughly that, doubtless, if a motion had been offered to admit the Paint and Clay people as members of the Zuñi tribe, it would have been carried without a dissenting voice. Over a sculptured lion discovered there, they held impromptu religious services. One of the artists asking Mr. Cushing if they were not a very religious people, he replied,

"Don't mention it! I say about ten thousand prayers a week!" And when the high-priest was first taken on board a locomotive and shown its operation, he viewed all with becoming calm, then put his hand in his little bag of sacred flour and handed some to Mr. Cushing, saying, "Pray, boy!"

At their first view of the Atlantic, which they obtained from the top of one of Boston's high buildings, they seemed dazed by the magnificence of old Ocean; but when assured that it was really the object of their search, they repeated prayers to it in a singsong undertone, and they scattered to the winds handfuls of "prayer-flour"—a fine mixture of white corn-flour and sea-shells—which they had brought with them from Zuñi.

A few days later, they sailed down the harbor to Deer Island, by invitation of the mayor. At the water-side they performed three distinct ceremonies: First, they gathered upon the rocks, and after placing a pair of vases in the water, squatted about them and commenced their incantations. All unobserved by them the tide was rising, and when it was brought to their notice they were delighted, taking it as a

AT THE "OCEAN OF SUNRISE."





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manifestation that Ocean was glad to see them and was rising to meet them.

Higher upon the sands, they enacted the second part, forming in a circle and smoking sacred cigarettes. Each held in his hand a prayer-stick, each feather of which was obtained from a different bird. The smoke from the sacred cigarettes was blown into the prayer-feathers, and then, being supposed to be charged with prayers, they were tossed into the waves, that the God of the Ocean might thereby be induced to bless the water which they were about to dip out and carry back to New Mexico. Dipping small sticks into the water they scattered drops to the north, south, east and west, and then retreated to their tent, whirling small sticks tied at the end of long strings about their heads, with a loud whizzing noise. Returning to the sea-side, they filled vessels to fill their vessels with water to take back to Zuñi, enough to last for the next thousand years. They here concluded the scene by baptizing Mr. Cushing with sea-water and plastering mud upon his head. His hands were washed, solemn prayers were chanted, and then the two priests embraced him, each Indian breathing a

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blessing and exhortation into his ear, somewhat as follows :

“ We grasp you to-day in the sight and hearing of the God of Ocean, the sacred breath of which makes our prayers effective. We breathe into you the sacred wind of our Order, and we ask that you may have strength to merit your new title, *Arprithlan Shena*. We make you a great cacique. This day we make you our child, on whom we hang our hopes in war and in peace.”

This ended the introduction of Mr. Cushing into the order of the Ka Ka, though feasts and ordeals await his return to Zuñi.

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THE mail was due at five o'clock P. M. in the border town of Parrisville ; so it was not strange that half the male population of the place turned out a little before that time on Tuesdays and Fridays, and congregated about the little building used as a post-office.

Joe Fanshaw was rarely late, but on his powerful great iron-gray horse would dash gayly up to the door of the office, fling down his heavy leathern bag, and dismount, answering good-naturedly the waiting crowd.

It was a thriving little village, this Parrisville, and many of its inhabitants were getting into quite comfortable circumstances, sending their stock and grain East in summer, and their furs and skins in winter.

Their relations with the Indians of the neigh-

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boring forests had been chiefly friendly. It is true, a marauding band had occasionally appeared, making some mischief and disturbance, but the decided and united action of citizens in dealing with such visitors had usually brought about a speedy disappearance.

One midsummer afternoon just after haying, three boys of about fourteen or fifteen, were standing near the post-office, while a fourth, a little fellow, was sitting on the broad low steps.

Joe Fanshaw had been and gone, the mail had been distributed, but many still lingered, discussing the news in papers and letters.

All at once a strange figure was noticed emerging from the woods at a little distance ; grotesque enough of itself, it was splendidly mounted on a snow-white pony elegantly equipped, the saddle of wampum skilfully embroidered.

"Halloo," shouted Phil Hamlin, one of the larger boys, "here comes old Nomantic on one of those magnificent white ponies ! How would *that* suit you, Davy boy ?"

He turned as he spoke to the child on the steps,

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with a glance at the crutches beside him. It was a very longing, pitiful look which Phil cast at his lame little brother; but the latter replied cheerfully enough :

“Wish we could buy that little white beauty, Phil. We’ll see what the letter from uncle Philip says when we get home.”

Horses were scarce among these settlers. Oxen were stronger for labor, and could both draw and plough, and any superfluous property was not thought of.

By this time Nomantic had approached the group before the office door, and at once began trying to sell the beautiful animal with its richly-wrought saddle. The Indian was chief of a tribe whose wigwams were three miles away in the forest from which the tawny tradesman had just emerged. He, as well as many of his tribe, squaws included, used often to visit Parrisville, trading off baskets, game, fish; and once in a great while, one of the more prominent men, or perhaps the chief himself, as in the present instance, would come to offer for sale some fine and well-broken pony sent to their camp by Indians of

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the distant prairie. There were but two ponies in town, however, as the purchasers of the rare little horses usually sent them East, selling at a great profit.

But this evening Nomantic seemed doomed to disappointment. It seemed to make no difference that his queenly young daughter of whom the savage father was exceedingly proud, had herself wrought the saddle; no one wanted to buy, as he proposed no barter, only cash.

"Supposing I ask what he'll take," said Phil Hamlin, looking at Tom Perkins.

"Do," replied Harry Ford; "only remember you'll have to cut him short if you do, or he'll hang on like a midsummer night's dream."

It took some time to make the wary old chief fix a price. He grunted a good deal about the positive necessity of disposing of the pony. They were going to break camp soon, and go farther West; "too much Pale Face here." After which he offered the animal for "one hundred dollars."

A shout of derision followed this offer, whereupon he immediately came down to seventy-five; but the significant manner in which the boys turned their

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backs upon him and whistled, brought him down to fifty. But there he stopped. Then he plead as only an old Indian can plead.

“Wouldn’t good Pale Face buy of poor Indian? Little squaw’s own hands work saddle — pretty saddle. Pray buy of poor Indian!”

Regretfully enough the boys insisted they couldn’t buy that evening. Nevertheless he followed Phil and Davy Hamlin to their father’s stable, and to the very house door, all the time imploring, “Please buy of poor Indian!”

Not until the boys entered and closed the door, did the importunities cease. Then as the old chief turned back and re-mounted the pony, the boys softly stepped out and watched the graceful creature canter away, and as horse and rider again entered the woods, Phil turned just in time to see two great glistening drops in Davy’s eyes as he stood leaning on his crutches.

“Come, Davy,” said the great boy tenderly, “let’s go in and see what uncle Philip writes.”

The letter said nothing of money; however, later in the evening when the boys were recounting the

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incident to their father, Phil added in his bluff way :

“Be a grand thing to mount Davy in that style, wouldn’t it, father ? ”

“Indeed it would,” replied Mr. Hamlin, “and I heartily wish I could ; it might really strengthen him ; but we still have need of great prudence. Your uncle Philip writes that money is very hard in Boston, and I suppose you might as well ask for a coach-and-four, my son,” he added slowly, “as for fifty dollars.”

For three successive days Nomantic appeared with the snow-white pony, and each time stopped at Mr. Hamlin’s stable door, but not once did he offer the pony with its wrought wampum saddle, for less than “fifty dollar,” insisting that the saddle was “so much worth,” chiefly it would seem from being the work of the skilful fingers of his darling child.

No one yet had possessed even a trinket from the handsome maiden. She was occasionally allowed to accompany her father on his trading excursions to the village, where her clear olive cheeks, starry eyes and graceful figure, attracted great attention ; but she was far too choice a treasure to old Nomantic to be

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allowed to trade or chatter with the Pale Faces.

As we have said, the haying was over, and it was just that "meantime" between haying and harvesting, when it was most convenient to spare the boys for a few days' frolic. Once a year the Parrisville boys were allowed to camp for a few days in the woods, with only one restriction: they must not go *too* far from home.

The Parrisville boys greatly enjoyed this annual "pow-wow." The three friends, Phil Hamlin, Tom Perkins and Harry Ford, usually clubbed together, and their camp was sportively named for each, taking the first syllable of the last names; consequently, "Camp Hamperford."

There was only one drawback to Phil Hamlin's perfect happiness on these occasions—the wistful face of little lame Davy when they started off. He would gladly have taken him, but the child was delicate, and the nights were likely to be chill in the forest even in summer, and the camp-fires were not always sufficient to keep out a dampness harmless enough to a rugged fellow, but dangerous to a fragile, rheumatic boy.

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They had decided this time to camp in a lovely spot some three miles distant, and all they could talk about for several days previous was the charming sport in anticipation.

Now we must diverge here to say that every country store has its pet loafer, the inactive being who can tell the best story, and is always ready with his little joke, and that Parrisville was no exception. Go when you might, there in a chair by the door in summer, or by the stove in winter, lounged Sam Crofts, an oracle to the small boys who never tired of his high-flown stories or time-worn jokes. This Crofts had always evinced a fondness for the delicate little Davy Hamlin, partly perhaps on account of his lameness, and partly because of the child's satisfaction in listening to his stories.

On this occasion as the boys went jubilantly to and from the store, making small, but to them immensely important purchases, Sam had all sorts of jovial advice to give, together with sundry warnings, all of which went into one ear and straightway out of the other with the older lads. But the afternoon before they were to start, as Davy was about finishing an errand,

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Sam spoke to him with great apparent solemnity, while he slyly winked at some of the bystanders :

“Have the boys bought their ginger yet? Never oughter go inter the woods without plenty o’ ginger. Bad sign to go inter the woods without ginger; *very* bad sign!”

“Don’t believe they have,” said Davy thoughtfully.

“Then you better remind ’em,” said Sam earnestly, adding with a knowing twist of his empty head, “wouldn’t let a boy o’ mine go inter a forest without his ginger, any more’n I’d let him go without his gun; unluckiest thing that could be done. And they better fix it all ready to take too,” added the mischievous fellow.

Now the dearest object on earth next his mother, to Davy Hamlin, was his brother Phil. The two boys were the only children of the family, and their attachment to each other was something beautiful, Davy looking up to fifteen-year-old Phil as the very embodiment of everything that was grand and noble in boyhood, while Phil looked upon delicate little Davy as something to be most tenderly cared for and considered on all occasions. “The precious

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little morsel!" he was once heard to call him.

So it followed that what the crafty Sam Crofts had said made a deep impression on Davy's mind, and he resolved that his dear brother should not go to the woods lacking anything it would be unlucky to be without. Such a superstitious idea would have been foolish in a stronger or older boy, but eight-year-old Davy was frail and nervous, and took alarm easily. That night at supper Davy announced his anxiety.

"Say, Phil! Sam Crofts says you musn't go out camping without your ginger! He says it is unlucky."

For reply, Phil threw back his head and laughed knowingly, while his father remarked gravely:

"I think Sam would be luckier if he was less particular about taking his ginger."

But Davy didn't understand at all what Sam Crofts had meant by "ginger," and his father did not care to enlighten him, when he saw his innocent ignorance. Meantime Davy resolved firmly that his careless brother should not depart without a bottle of the lucky tonic, and moreover that he would follow out Sam's advice carefully, and prepare it ready for use. Accordingly after supper he quietly searched about for

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a large bottle with a firm, strong cork; then going as quietly to his mother's medicine closet, he looked for the bottle marked "Jamaica Ginger," which to his delight he found nearly full. Pouring most of its contents into the empty bottle, he proceeded to fill it with water; then he managed to obtain a good quantity of sugar from the bowl. He shook the mixture long and vigorously, then tasted, and found it didn't quite flay his tongue; in fact he thought it really quite palatable after it ceased to burn. His next visit was to his mother's room for three pins; then creeping down to the front hall, he placed the bottle in the large deep breast pocket of Phil's ulster—of course he would take his ulster—securely pinning it across. He argued that Phil wouldn't notice any extra weight about his coat, as all its pockets were well stuffed in the excitement of getting off, yet would probably detect it later.

The next day was all that could be desired of fine weather, but Davy's soft, large blue eyes, as usual, were full of tears as he watched the trio start off, though he managed to conceal them until they had gone. And he was greatly relieved when Phil, sure enough,

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slung his ulster over his arm, only remarking :

“ This always was the heaviest old coat ! ”

They took with them two well-trained dogs ; Phil's own, a splendid retriever named “ Sampson ” in consideration of his unusual strength, and for short, called Samp. The other belonged to Mr. Ford, and was loaned Harry for the occasion. He was a powerful bull-mastiff, “ Watch,” by name. These dogs were the best of friends ; so it was eminently proper they should go in company as guards and fellow sportsmen of the three fine boys setting out for a midsummer's frolic.

They reached the camping ground a little before noon, having taken the two miles and a half very leisurely, with frequent halts ; for the weather was warm, the beauty of the old forest beguiling, and the little hand wagon heavy to draw.

Soon after their arrival, as Phil was hanging his ulster on a peg driven into one of the tent poles, he exclaimed :

“ Bless me, this old coat was never so heavy before ! ” and just then something or other in one of the pockets settled with a bounce. “ I do believe

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some one has been stuffing some everlastingly heavy thing in one of these pockets a-purpose!" he exclaimed, and began an examination. After extracting sundry pins which confined a great round object in the breast pocket, he produced the bottle marked carefully in Davy's queer little hand, "Jamaica Ginger."

"Oh ho!" roared Phil; "if Davy hasn't succeeded in tucking some ginger off on to me after all;" then he added, his voice full of fondness, "the dear little idiot!" After his laugh, in the bustle and hurry which followed, he placed the bottle back in the same pocket, and went on with the work of "fixing up."

We cannot stop to tell what merry sports were enjoyed during the three days of this outing; but the weather was charming throughout, the moon was at her highest and fullest, the game abundant, and the good nature and overflowing spirits of the boys unchecked by any untoward event. There was a hunt every morning, and a feast every afternoon. The late evenings were spent in strolling about near camp and story-telling, and the vigorous exercise and

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keen enjoyment had added heightened color to the bronzed cheeks of the happy campers.

At length the last night, the fourth, of their wild woods' sport had arrived. Next day they must "pull up stakes" and start for home; but they had made the most of this last day. Rising at dawn and taking the guns and dogs, sufficient game and wild fowl had been secured to provide a last grand feast, and also leave quite a little "show" to take home.

The moon was riding high in the heavens, and Watch was lazily crunching a bone outside the open tent, when Phil went out for one last look about. He was somewhat troubled because Samp was missing. In vain he whistled and called. The rogue had stolen off; but probably not far—might return any moment. At all events, Phil was too sleepy to wait up for him. They were not unguarded either; for woe betide the luckless intruder who dared Watch's mighty grip!

Silence reigned throughout the forest save for the whispering of the leaves overhead, the twittering of some uneasy birds, the occasional hoot of an owl, or the flapping wings of a nighthawk.

It was past midnight, although it seemed as if he had been sleeping but a few moments, when Phil became conscious of a cold nose rubbing against his cheek, and of a whining, coaxing, urgent appeal — Samp. Samp had returned. He half-opened his eyes, spoke impatiently :

“Down, Samp! quiet, old fellow! behave yourself!”

But Samp would neither “down,” “quiet,” nor “behave.” Finding Phil was waking, he pulled eagerly at the hem of his pants, whining and crying in an unaccountable manner. In vain Phil scolded and soothed by turns. The dog persisted. At length Phil sat upright, rubbed his eyes, and said softly and kindly: “Well, now, old fellow, what’s up? What ails you?”

During all this time the other boys had not stirred, and Tom Perkins drowned all sounds anyway, by a most tremendous snoring. But Samp, now that he felt Phil was broad awake, grew more excited than ever, taking long leaps and bounds outside the tent, then crawling back along the ground, almost voicing his entreaties to Phil to “come!”

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“Well, Samp,” said the boy at last, “you surely never would behave in this way for nothing, and I don’t believe you’re the boy to coax me into any danger. I don’t much believe you are, Sampson Hamlin. Oh, I’m coming,” he added, patting him; “just wait one moment, do!”

He took his gun, hung a pistol in his belt, then feeling a decided chilliness in the air, muttered:

“Guess I’ll don my ulster. Whew!” he added, drawing it on, “this heavy coat feels good! I declare it does!”

Then he paused and reflected. Should he wake the others?

“What for?” was his next thought. “Of course I sha’n’t go far, and I’m well protected, armed as I am, and with Samp along; besides there’s nothing to be afraid of.”

Fear was an element almost wanting in the character of a border boy, and neither Phil nor his companions formed exceptions to the general rule.

Just then he glanced at Samp standing mutely regarding him with such a human look in his pleading eyes, and he could but smile as to another boy.

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“Come, old trusty!” he said. “I’m ready for you!”

With impatient, eager bounds, the dog led the way farther into the woods. Phil followed at a brisk, steady pace. He had tramped about half a mile when Samp, leaping forward, then back, as if to make sure his master would follow, turned aside into a little glen thickly surrounded by trees. At a glance, Phil saw a long dark object lying along the ground, the head raised, but the entire form motionless. For an instant his fingers closed over the revolver at his side as he whistled softly to Samp; then he advanced, and, entering the glen, saw by the clear moonlight that it was the figure of a woman which lay there alone in the still, deep forest. As Samp licked her white cheek, he thought he heard a soft moan.

The next instant Phil was kneeling beside a dying girl, whom he now saw plainly was no other than the cherished daughter of Nomantic, the old Indian chief.

He knew at once that according to traditional custom of the Indians, the girl had been left there to die. Yes, he understood the fact at once. She had sickened in the morning, and as her sufferings grew

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more intense, the chief had consulted a doctor at the village, a Pale Face. But the physician not caring to visit the camp, had written a prescription, and the medicine had done no good, and towards night it had become apparent that there was no more hope for her. So with loud cries and moans from the women, and bitter grief on the father's part, he had, according to the tribal custom, borne her in his strong arms to this sheltered spot, piled high a pillow of summer leaves, and withdrawn from a sight he had no strength or courage to witness.

Phil's young heart had never known before any such great solemn ache as this. He wished he had waked the other boys. He thought of sending Samp back for them. But then, what could they do?

"Ginger blue!" he ejaculated. "What can a fellow do in such a case as this? I wonder"—for at the instant of his boyish exclamation the remembrance of Davy's bottle of ginger flashed across his mind, and clapping his hand to his breast pocket, there it was, sure enough.

"Probably it won't do much good," he soliloquized, "but I guess I'll try it."

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Raising her heavy head carefully, he poured a little of the liquid into the girl's mouth. There was a contraction of the brow, a struggle, and it was swallowed. Phil waited a few moments, then repeated the action.

"Well, you haven't killed her yet," he said to himself in an encouraging tone; and just then she moaned, Phil fancied, and not as feebly as before. He laid her head softly back, waited several moments, then again raising her gently, administered at intervals several swallows until a decidedly good dose of the hot mixture had been taken; and this time, to his unspeakable gratification, as he laid the pretty head back on its leafy pillow, the great black eyes opened languidly and looked into his face.

"Going to live, I do believe," thought the boy. "Bless that little goose of a Davy and his ginger! Wish the little chap could see how his 'lucky stuff' is working now."

Glancing up at the moon, he was surprised to find he must have been absent from camp a full hour, but he could not think of leaving his deserted patient. Poor child of the forest!

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A great restful feeling of relief was creeping over Phil, moreover, unmistakably the young girl was reviving. She probably was to live. The eyes had opened wider now, and at last they fixed on his face.

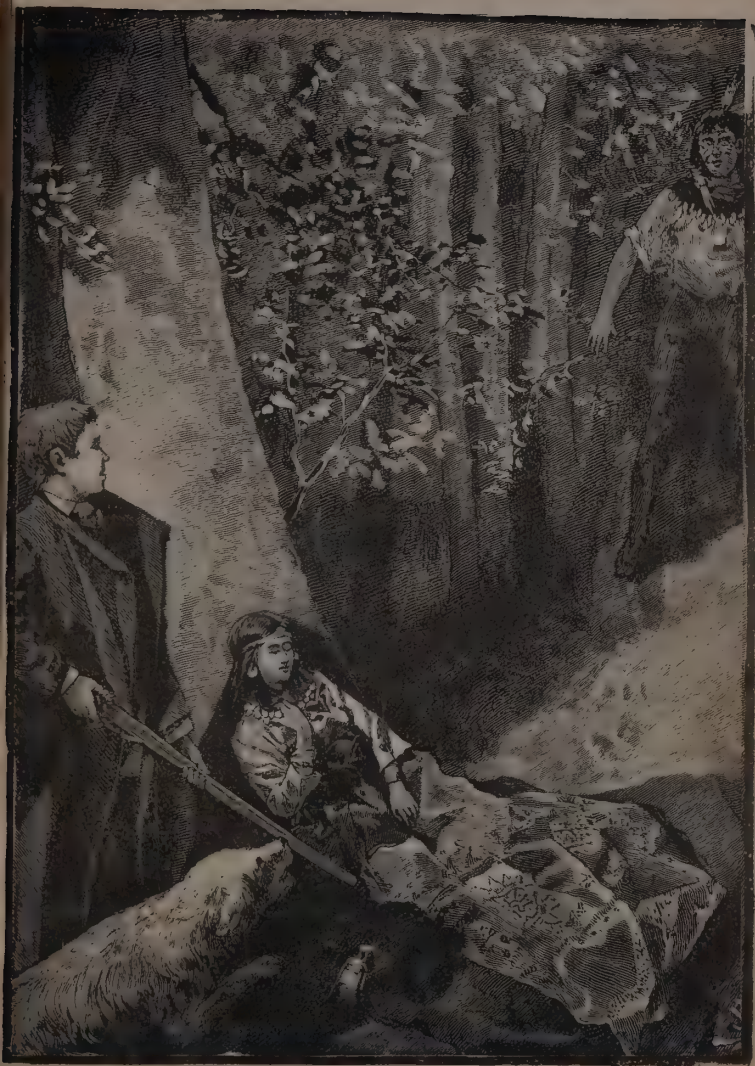
“Do you feel better?” asked Phil, bending towards her, and smiling half shyly.

She moved her lips, and made what sounded like a little affirmative moan.

“A little more of Davy’s lucky ginger,” thought Phil; and this time, although taken with some difficulty, it was evidently taken intelligently. In the course of another half-hour the girl could move her head and hands, and after a while Phil helped her to sit up, resting against a tree, while he rubbed her hands and bathed her forehead — with ginger.

He was all unconscious, however, that at this time two piercing eyes, keen as a hawk’s, far-seeing as an eagle’s, were watching his movements. Even the sagacious Sampson had failed to prick a silken ear at the stealthy advance through the thicket of the dusky form creeping along like a panther on all-fours.

But suddenly now Sampson sat upright, every



A FEW YARDS OFF STOOD THE MOTIONLESS FIGURE OF NOMANTIC



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nerve alert and quivering. Turning quickly, Phil saw but a few paces off, the tall, erect figure of a plumed and painted savage. The form was that of Nomantic, but the features, even at that near distance, were indistinguishable.

Just here they made a striking picture in the moonlight of the grand old forest. Phil had sprung to his feet, and was standing close to the Indian maiden's side, one end of his gun resting on the ground, yet firmly held in both hands. Sampson crouched "couchant," ready for a deadly spring at a half-instant's notice — aye, and what a spring it would have been — while a few yards off stood the motionless figure of Nomantic.

But the scene remained in tableau but for a moment; for suddenly from the Indian girl herself came a cry half of joy, half of pain; and in another moment she was clasped in her own father's arms.

He had thought that all must by this time be over; and unable longer to control his bitter grief and longing, had stolen out to see if his darling young princess were indeed dead, and waiting to be made ready for her burial.

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No words could express his astonishment, when, on nearing the spot, he saw her not only still alive, but reviving.

Lifting her as though she were a child, and grunting forth some strange sounds meant for thanks to Phil, who with rare presence of mind handed him the bottle containing what remained of Davy's lucky "ginger," he strode with his daughter back to the camping grounds but a short distance away.

But as the sturdy old Indian started away, the pretty creature turned her face towards Phil with a look in her starry eyes he never quite forgot. Touching her pale lips with her slender finger-tips, she waved her own sweet thanks, and half-bashfully Phil smiled and waved back a sort of "by-by."

When half-way back Phil met the entire Camp Hamperford, turned out "to rescue him," as Harry Ford remarked. They explained that a dismal howl from Watch had awakened them, and then they discovered his "nowhereness." It was a long and exciting story to which the boys listened; but there was still an hour or two left before sunrise, and the camp again slept soundly.

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Home was reached safely that afternoon. There were exciting tales to be told that evening in the three households; and it would have done any one good to have witnessed Davy's unbounded satisfaction at the part he had played in *the* event of the trip.

It was on the third morning after the arrival home, that Mr. Hamlin awoke Phil at an early hour, telling him a message had been sent him during the night, and he must arise and attend to the matter at once, adding that Mike was somewhere in the garden, and would tell him about it.

There was something mysterious about his father's manner, and on expressing the opinion to Davy during his hurried dressing, Davy said yes, he thought so too.

Phil hurried down-stairs, burst out of the back door, bounded like a squirrel through the garden to find Mike, when lo and behold! there at the stable door, firmly fastened and secured, patiently stood a lovely snow-white pony, with wampum saddle curiously embroidered, and bridled and stirrured in style enchanting.

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Going up to the graceful creature Phil saw that an enormous piece of yellowish white paper had been folded and pinned to the saddle. Taking it down he read with considerable difficulty, what some more enlightened "Red Face" had been coaxed or hired to prepare, for the "undersigned" could neither read nor write:

"We brake camp terday and speed the far West. With forrests full of thanks we send him poney to kind Pale Face, and Star Eyes work um saddle. May Great Spirrit spred loving wings over deer yung Pale Face. We take with us him gift of good fire warter, and saved the loved yung squar.

"CHIEF NOMANTIC  $\times$  [his mark.]

"STAR EYES = [her mark.]"

Back sped Phil to the house, his face radiant and his eyes aflame. He rushed over the stairs and into his room just as the little crippled brother had finished the slow task of dressing.

"Oh, you duck of a Davy," he cried, "what *do* you think now! Why, that blessed old Injine, Noman-tic, you know—the old chief, you know—has sent us

,

## CAMP HAMPERFORD.

that darling little white saddle and wampum pony — why, what the mischief am I saying ! he has sent us that dear little white pony, wampum saddle, and all the fixin's ! You needn't say you don't believe it now, it's true as this world, and there's a great big lump in my throat most choking me too ! ” for great fifteen-year-old Phil was actually almost sobbing with delight and excitement.

That night when Joe Fanshaw dashed up to the post-office, he informed half of Parrisville that the Indians of Nomantic's tribe had decamped—started for the far West.

The story of Phil's fresh adventure got out, as such stories will ; but the friends kept their own counsel concerning some of the facts of the case. And little Davy, whose lameness was caused partly by physical weakness, began improving immediately on beginning his invigorating rides on Star Eyes' pony. Tom Perkins and Harry Ford enjoyed long rambles with her too, to say nothing of Phil, her happy master.

For some reason or other, that great gossip, Sam Crofts, never could get any one to give him the true facts of the mysterious presentation, although on

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every possible occasion he would ask Davy half-knowingly — to delude him into confidence if possible — and half-curiously :

“ Say now, Davy, what *made* you name the pony ‘Ginger’ ? ”

But the sly little Davy only perks his head on one side, half-shuts his eyes, and replies :

“ Oh, ‘always lucky to have ginger around,’ you know, Mr. Crofts ! ”

## A LITTLE BOY'S NAP IN A CANNON.

BERTIE had lived in a navy-yard before. He was born in the Norfolk Navy-yard, in Virginia. His old nurse Dinah used to say :

“Massa Bertie am too proud to cry for a hurt. He born on Gub'ment groun'.”

That this fact had anything to do with the formation of his character is doubtful, but he was undeniably a brave little chap.

I suppose his baby eyes looked wonderingly upon his surroundings in the Norfolk Yard, but they conveyed no impression to his mind in the short year he spent there, and when eight years later his father was ordered to the Yard at Boston, Bertie had not the least idea what his new home would be like.

Pleasant indeed he found it, however. The house, a large brown mansion, stood in a beautiful garden,

## A LITTLE BOY'S NAP IN A CANNON.

facing the city of Charlestown and Bunker Hill Monument. From the rear was a view across the pleasant, trimly-kept Navy-yard, and down the glittering waters of the harbor where white-winged yachts skimmed along, steamers and ferry-boats churned the waters, tug-boats puffed and toiled, and the Government vessels, steamships, men-of-war and iron-clad gun-boats rested quietly.

Bertie, with his sister Susie, three years younger, soon explored every nook and corner of the busy Yard, from the watchmen's sentry-boxes to the officers' quarters.

The dry-dock when a ship floated in to be repaired, was a great attraction. They liked to watch the great water-gates on the sea-wall slowly close as the ship passed through, shutting it a prisoner in the great stone dock; then with intense interest they looked on while the water was pumped out by big steam-pumps; and when the dock was dry, they stood leaning over the iron chains that fenced it around at the top, and gazed down upon the workmen as they walked about beneath inspecting the huge

## A LITTLE BOY'S NAP IN A CANNON.

hull, or set to work upon the necessary repairs. When the ship was ready for sea-service again two small gates at the bottom of the great ones were opened. The water began to flow in slowly, steadily rising higher and higher until the dock was full. Then the great gates opened once more, and the ship floated out, ready for another voyage.

From the sea-wall a flight of steps led down to a little floating wharf, between which and the receiving-ship a small ferry plied to and fro.

The famous old *Ohio* was the receiving-ship when Bertie and Susie lived in the Navy-yard, and they were frequent passengers, going aboard to visit the officers, all of whom were friends of their father, and with whom they were great favorites.

Quite near their house were the marine barracks, and they were often to be seen peeping through the palings, watching the drill. Susie was a little afraid of the stiff, straight men, but Bertie dearly loved to look at them, and became quite soldierly in his own bearing.

Marines are sea-soldiers. They guard the gates of

## A LITTLE BOY'S NAP IN A CANNON.

the navy-yards, and when naval vessels go to sea a certain number of marines accompany each vessel to help in its defence if necessary. As their only duties are military, the sailors profess great contempt for them. One of their disdainful expressions is, "Tell that to the marines !"

The children thought it great fun, too, to run along the trim walks of the Yard, to visit the work-shops, the ship and storehouses, and the long straight ropewalk where miles upon miles of rope are made. The first time they went there Bertie put his hand upon a revolving rope as it twisted by him and lost the skin from his palm. It pained him smartly, but not a tear did he shed, and thus gained the respect of the ropemakers, who called him a "young admiral." All the workmen liked the children, particularly Bertie, who always had a string of questions to ask about whatever interested him. They found that he remembered well what he was told, and was always polite and manly ; while Susie was a funny little girl, with ideas of her own on all subjects, and a curious habit of confounding words in very comical ways.

## A LITTLE BOY'S NAP IN A CANNON.

Soon after their removal to the Navy-yard, the officers of the *Ohio*, hearing that the coming Fourth of July was Susie's birthday, promised to give her a grand party on the old man-of-war. She was to invite all her own friends and Bertie's, and all the children who lived in the Navy-yard.

Great were the anticipations among the young folks. Nothing would they talk of for days but the approaching Fourth, and the officers themselves made many preparations.

The morning of the important day dawned at last. Bertie, aroused by the snapping and banging, sprang from his bed to find a new gun, double-barreled, with ramrod and trigger complete, and ten boxes of banging caps. He dressed quickly and ran out with his treasure, aiming wherever his fancy stationed an enemy, and snapping caps with relentless patriotism.

Susie awoke mid the noise and clamor to find herself the recipient of numerous birthday gifts, among which were two dolls, one a waxen beauty, and the other a sensible, every-day doll with three complete

## A LITTLE BOY'S NAP IN A CANNON.

sets of clothes and a Saratoga trunk for packing them.

"This is a gutta-percha doll, and is indestructible," said mamma. "You will have fine times with her, Susie."

"Yes, mamma," answered the happy little girl. "I'll call the wax one Gertie Daley, because Admiral Daley sent her to me, and this one I will call Gertie Percha."

Mamma laughed, and the amused Commodore asked his little girl to take a walk with him before breakfast.

"Will you go to the Curiosity Shop?" asked Susie.

"The Curiosity Shop!" exclaimed her father, looking puzzled. "Why, where is that?"

"Where the officers keep their toys," replied the child, smiling, as she arrayed Miss Gertie Percha in her new hat and shawl.

At this unexpected answer several officers who were present laughed heartily.

"Well, where do they keep their toys?" asked the Commodore.

"Why, in the Curiosity Shop, papa, where the 'normous tod is."

## A LITTLE BOY'S NAP IN A CANNON.

"And what in the world is a '*normous tod*'?" asked her father, completely mystified.

"Why, just a great '*normous tod*';" repeated Susie as obstinately as Wordsworth's little maid said "We are seven."

"I guess you will have to take me to the Curiosity Shop, and show me the '*tod*'," said her father; and Susie running for her hat, led him across the Yard, followed by several of the officers who were anxious to see where "their toys" were kept.

Skipping along with Gertie Percha under her arm and her hand in her father's, she led the way to the Museum. No wonder the child had appropriated Dickens' title for the place, and what should she consider its contents but toys? Unique little models, ivory images, little boats, tiny ships full-rigged, Japanese junks, Chinese idols, bows, arrows, guns, and other curiosities too numerous to mention, brought by sailors and officers from all parts of the world. The "*'normous tod*" proved to be a huge tortoise which she thought was a toad.

It was no easy matter to get the little maiden away

## A LITTLE BOY'S NAP IN A CANNON.

again, and when they got home at last breakfast was waiting for them and Bertie had not come in.

“Bertie, Bertie, Ber-tie!” Susie was calling half an hour later, and looking into every place she could think of. “O, mamma, I cannot find him anywhere: neither can Dinah!”

Vaguely alarmed, the Commodore's wife sent all the servants in the house to look for the boy, while the Commodore instantly went to question the sentinels. They were sure he had not left the Navy-yard; he could not have passed any of the gates without being seen by them.

Quickly the alarm spread; officers, sailors, marines and visitors were all searching for the lost boy — some, alas! on the water, which danced and glistened so gayly in the sunlight; for one of the watchmen had seen a boy on the sea-wall an hour before. He thought he was going aboard the receiving-ship, but could not say and did not know if he were Bertie or not, but thought he was about Bertie's size.

Noon came, and still the search went on. Susie

## A LITTLE BOY'S NAP IN A CANNON.

sobbed in her mother's arms. The dinner-hour came and passed; the afternoon was waning; still the search went on. All hearts were filled with pity. Mothers clasped their children in their arms, thankful for their safety, for there was now a settled conviction that little Bertie had fallen over the sea-wall.

When Bertie ran out with his gun, he practised awhile in the garden, snapping caps and shooting darts. The delight of his heart was a gun. He had always admired the great cannon with their pyramids of balls stacked on the Navy-yard Common. With the spirit of independence full upon him, he entered the enclosure to compare his new gun with the cannon. He looked around; not a soul was in sight. Neither of the sentinels nor any of the watchmen could see him where he stood beside the largest cannon in the Square. "I mean to look into it," he said to himself, and pried out the tompion which filled the mouth. It yielded so suddenly that he went over backwards. He was quickly on his feet, however, and kneeling down, peered into the great gun.

"I wonder how many men you have killed?" he

## A LITTLE BOY'S NAP IN A CANNON.

said gravely, addressing the monster; "hundreds, I dare say; and now you cannot hurt a little boy like me. Do you ever long, old gun, for war-time? I do believe I could crawl into you," he added. "What a capital hiding-place."

Just then he heard some one call. It was Dinah, looking for him.

"I'll hide!" he exclaimed; "what fun!" and suiting the action to the word, he squirmed into the gun.

It did seem great fun for awhile to lie in hiding in so snug a place, though his limbs were cramped and he was nearly stifled. Dinah did not come as he expected, but went off in another direction; and by and by Bertie thought he would go home and get ready for the balloon ascension and the sight-seeing in Boston. Then it was that he found to his horror and dismay that he could not get out. He had very broad shoulders, and they acted as a wedge. In vain he writhed and struggled and kicked.

Bitterly he repented his naughtiness in getting into such a trap. Then he grew frightened, thinking he

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must die there, and burst into tears, poor little lad! though he was on "Gub'ment groun'."

"Oh!" he cried, "I cannot stay here and die such a miserable death. I *must* get out! I want to be a



RESCUED FROM THE CANNON'S MOUTH.

good, brave man like my father. I want to do some good in the world, as mamma has always taught me. Can it be that I am to starve to death here, just for a little thoughtlessness! Mamma says 'thoughtless-

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ness is the beginning of sin.' Oh, if I can only get out I will be thoughtful and careful!"

He writhed and struggled, but in vain; he could not move any further out. •

• Presently as he grew still with despair, his Sunday verse came to his mind :

*"I will cry unto God with my voice, even unto God will I cry with my voice, and he shall hearken unto me."*

So poor little Bertie thinking that his prison might be his living grave, sobbed forth prayer. He felt comforted directly. Hope whispered that he would be found; and soon he remembered a queer little fable about a weasel who crawled into a grain-chest through a tiny hole and filled himself with grain, but found to his sorrow that he could not get out again until he was thinner. It was a story Dennis the watchman had told him; he had often laughed over it with kind old Dennis. Bertie was glad now he had eaten no breakfast, and thought before a great while he would be thin enough to squirm out from the cannon. He wondered how many days it would take to make him thin enough, and bravely made

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up his mind to bear his imprisonment like a man. Soon weary and worn with his struggles, he fell asleep. Thus sleeping at times, struggling no more but waiting with brave patience, the little fellow lay in his hot, close prison hour after hour.

The afternoon was drawing to a close, still the search was carried on in the Yard and around it. Over and over again the same places were visited. The Commadore looked as though twenty years had been added to his life. He was sadly beginning to fear that further search was useless. Suddenly old Dinah saw something glittering on the ground in the gun-square. With a loud cry she pointed over the enclosure. Dennis sprang over the railing, and running to the big cannon picked up Bertie's little gun which he brandished high in the air.

A crowd rushed to the spot. Dennis kneeling down, pointed to a little foot protruding from the cannon's mouth.

"Found!" was the eager cry; but there was little joy, for all feared that the child might be suffocated.

Dennis managed to grasp the other foot, then

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pulled and tugged. The happy boy contracted his shoulders as best he could, and was finally drawn out, though both his shoulders and elbows were sorely scraped, and in another moment he was in the Commodore's arms, with mamma sobbing over him, while little Susie turned the tragedy to comedy, exclaiming :

"O, Bertie, you look like the Horribles we didn't see!" and truly Bertie was a spectacle: face, hands and clothes covered with powder-black and tears.

Admiral Daley asked if "patriotism was his motive for spending the Fourth of July in a cannon?" but when he and the other officers learned that the child intended to wait patiently in his prison until he was thin enough to get out, their eyes dimmed with tears, and they recognized that the little fellow was of the stuff heroes are made of.

The Commodore carried him home with a thankful heart. His mother and Dinah bathed and dressed his wounds, and when he came down to tea in a fresh suit of clothes, no one would have thought him the worse for his adventure.

The officers of the *Ohio* sent over, offering to defer

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the party till the next day, but Bertie would not hear of thus disappointing the other children, and begged them not to, promising to be there himself.

So the Fourth was finished up as originally intended. The receiving-ship was like a fairy palace, so gayly decorated with Japanese lanterns, flags and flowers. The new moon above, the sparkling water beneath, the gallant officers in their bright uniforms, the graceful ladies and the pretty children, fairly transformed the old *Ohio*. How happy they all were ! The band played, the children frolicked and danced ; and laughing over quaint mottoes, bonbons, dainty cakes and ices, they ended the Fourth of July.

## A YOUNG ALLIGATOR- CATCHER.

CATCHING and raising alligators to sell seems rather queer business for a boy; and yet Jimmie Davis, of Jacksonville, Florida, who is only sixteen years old, makes no small amount of money by so doing. His father is known by the name of "Alligator" Davis, and, as the name implies, is in the same line of trade, having taken his son with him as an assistant since he was eight years old.

The father and son live nearly all the time in the swamps, or on the banks of the streams where the alligators are most plentiful, going to town only when they need fresh supplies of provisions, or have a stock of captives to sell.

Jimmie has been so observing in his queer trade that he can imitate the cry of an old mother alligator

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or her young ones, to such perfection that they will come running after him, thinking his voice that of one of the family. There have been times, though, when Jimmie has called altogether too successfully, and has had either the father or the mother come at him, so angry at the deception practised that he has had great difficulty in getting out of the way quickly enough.

You must know that large alligators, either alive or stuffed, are purchased by those who make a business of exhibiting curiosities, at prices ranging from ten to fifty dollars for the live ones, and about half that sum for those that have been made to "look alive" by the taxidermist. Young ones are bought by the visitors to Florida, as are the eggs, and the demand for almost everything pertaining to the alligator is so great that Jimmie often earns as much as twenty dollars in a week, and very seldom less than five. When neither he nor his father can catch a 'gator—as they are called in Florida—alive, they kill him, and if no one wants such a specimen to stuff, they sell the teeth, which are of pure ivory, to be made into jewelry, cane or umbrella heads, and even perfume-bottles. The

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skin is sold to be made into leather, the flesh is sometimes used for food ; but more often the oil is boiled out of it, since it is highly prized by those who need the finest quality of lubricators. The bones are the only things about an alligator that are thrown away, and in case of very large or fine specimens, these are utilized by being wired together, and the skeleton sold to museums.

Then there are the eggs, which Jimmie had rather get than the young 'gators themselves, because he can hatch the young ones out and not have the trouble of catching the squirming little things that run very fast even on the first day they come into the world.

When an old alligator is about to lay eggs she selects some nice, quiet place on the bank of a stream where she thinks no one will come to disturb her, and then she beats the ground down hard with her tail until she has made a smooth floor as large around as the top of a hogshead. On this place she lays from thirty to forty eggs, and covers them with dried grass and mud until she has formed a little round hut. The outside of this she covers with clay, which

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dries perfectly air-tight. Of course she can't sit on the eggs herself, as a hen does, for they are only about as large as a goose-egg, although more of an oblong shape, and she would crush them; but after she has built this hut she knows the sun will do all the rest of the work. She watches the place very jealously every one of the forty days required to hatch the young ones, and when she hears a queer little barking and snarling, exactly as a lot of puppies would make, she knows the babies have come out of the shells. She then bites a hole through the side of the mud hut, and the little 'gators, only about ten inches long, come scampering out, running as straight for the water as if they had been there hundreds of times before.

When Jimmie Davis can find one of these huts, he can take the eggs to some other place where the mother cannot find them, and hatch them out just as well as she can. He then has the young ones where he can get them whenever he is ready to sell them; and such of the eggs as do not have any little 'gators in them he can sell at the rate of fifty cents per dozen.

## A YOUNG ALLIGATOR-CATCHER.

Therefore when he is out hunting in the spring of the year, which is the time the old alligator builds her nest, he watches carefully for any signs of the little mud hut, and after he has found it, he hides somewhere near to wait until the mother has gone for her breakfast or dinner, when he robs the nest.

Sometimes he finds a brood of youngsters that have just come out of their shells, and then he works hard with a stout dip-net, trying to scoop them out of the water and keep beyond reach of the old 'gator's tail at the same time ; for he knows if she strikes him once with her long, scaly tail his bones will be broken, if he is not killed outright. As fast as he catches the young ones, he puts them in a bag, where he keeps them until he has enough to make it worth his while to go to town to sell them.

There is not much danger in catching young 'gators so long as one keeps out of the mother's way ; but when Jimmie and his father start out to catch a big fellow alive, then the sport is both exciting and dangerous, lasting sometimes two or three days.

It is very seldom they get an opportunity to steal up to one and fasten a rope around him, for that can

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only be done when the 'gator is asleep. The way they usually do it is to build a regular pen in the water near the bank, leaving a door just wide enough for the alligator to get in. Directly in the centre of this pen is a stake, on which is tied a piece of badly smelling meat—that is the bait, and the pen is made only to prevent the 'gator from getting at it in any other way than by the door where the trap is. The first stake on each side of the door has notches cut in it, like the spindle of a squirrel trap, and across these, just above the surface of the water, is the bar or trigger. Now this pen must be built near the bank where a large sapling grows, and the tree is bent over and fastened to the trigger with a stout piece of rope or chain, while just under it, in the water, is a large slip-noose.

After all this has been done Jimmie and his father go away to attend to some other work, or make another trap, and pretty soon along comes Mr. Alligator, wondering how he shall get his dinner, and whether he must go very far for it. Then he smells the meat, and he probably thinks a new restaurant has been started there, so he swims along very cau-

## A YOUNG ALLIGATOR-CATCHER.

tiously with just the tip of his nose out of the water, to see what the new place looks like. He sees the meat, and there is no one near, so he thinks he will sneak in and steal it; but just as he gets his head in, and raises himself out of the water a little to seize the bait, his back hits the trigger, throwing it out of the notched stakes, and the thief is very much surprised at finding a stout rope securely tied around his body just back of his fore legs.

Of course he thrashes about in the water, and raises a terrible fuss, but there he is, and there he has to stay until Jimmie and his father return.

The prisoner can swim around in such a circle as the rope will permit, and in order to get him out of the water it is necessary to have him fastened securely, or he would do a great deal of mischief. The trappers wade out in the water, and watch their opportunity to get a rope around the captive's tail. After this is done, it is fastened to something on the shore, and then Mr. Alligator cannot swim around, but is stretched out very nearly in a straight line, when it is not difficult to get another rope around his jaws. His legs are then bent up over his back and fastened to-

## A YOUNG ALLIGATOR-CATCHER.

gether, after which a stout stick is lashed from the end of his nose to the tip of his tail, which prevents him from bending his body. He is then lifted into the boat, for to drag him to the shore while he is in such a helpless condition would be to drown him.

One day last year, Jimmie's father left him on Black Creek, which runs into the St. John's river, above Jacksonville, while he went to the city to sell some 'gators. His father had not been gone very long when Jimmie saw a big alligator crawl out of the water and arrange himself snugly in the sand for a nap. Jimmie knew the old fellow was too big for him to attempt to catch alone; but, thinking what a nice prize he would have to show his father in case he succeeded, he resolved to make the attempt. Waiting until he was sure the 'gator was asleep, Jimmie crept softly up to him, and had nearly got the rope around his tail when the alligator awoke.

The first thing he did was to swing his tail around, and he struck the boy on the legs. The force of the blow was broken by the rope, or Jimmie would not have been alive to tell about it; but it hurt him so much that it was only with the greatest difficulty

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he managed to tie the knots, and then when he crept out of the angry monster's way the old fellow was so near him that he tore his coat off with his teeth. It was some time before the boy was able to continue the attempt of making the alligator a captive ; but he did succeed after a while, and when Mr. Davis returned he found Jimmie watching a prisoner that was nearly twelve feet long.

Jimmie once gave three alligator eggs to a hen who was very anxious to have some chickens, and after she had nearly killed herself sitting on them, three of the oddest-looking babies that old hen ever saw, crept out and started on a journey for the water. Biddy had no idea of losing her young ones after she had had so much trouble to hatch them, and she did all she could to prevent them from leaving the nest ; but as fast as she could roll one back with her beak the other two would be toddling off at their fastest speed, which so discouraged the hen that she gave up the task after she had worked hard several hours, clucking disconsolately as the ugly-looking youngsters scrambled into the water.

Sometimes Jimmie has two or three hundred of

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these odd chickens in his coop, all of which he has raised himself, for during the summer there is very little demand for them; but as soon as the tourists come in the winter he disposes of his brood without any difficulty.

There are very many stories which could be told of Jimmie's narrow escapes; but so much space has already been occupied that the editor will probably insist if they are ever told it must be at some future time.

## ROBIN HOOD'S GHOST.

*(A true account of a ghost as seen by Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens, and others, in a Nottingham graveyard.)*

SHERWOOD FOREST, in the centre of which Nottingham now stands, was famous as a retreat for warlike and lawless men even in the time of the Romans; for the woods were wonderfully deep and dense and the trees of great size and beauty. After many hundred years the woods began to grow narrower and thinner, and fields of grain took their places. But still, even in Robin Hood's time, enough remained to make a very secure hiding-place for Robin and his many merry men. And his exploits here, were they all known, would fill many books.

The king and his court would come out here to hunt, all the way from London, in great gilded carriages, with pompous powdered footmen holding on

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behind. Robin did not like these, and he played them so many sorry tricks that the king set a price on his head.

But as we all know, Robin Hood always escaped, for he has many true friends, and lived to die of old age in his dear leafy old Sherwood Forest, near Nottingham.

This Nottingham is, and always was, a wonderful place. Here many of the beautiful laces of the world have long been made. It is now a very wealthy city and has nearly a quarter of a million people, and it is building, too, all the time as fast as any Western town. The name at first was spelled *Notte-ham*. If you take your Latin and Saxon books and look up these words, you will find what they mean. You see the north bank of the Trent River here is a great steep sandstone mountain, and into this sandstone, thousands of years ago, the wild inhabitants dug holes and made for themselves dark homes, or homes of night: *Notte-ham*.

Of course the dwellers in these caves were never conquered; and Robin Hood was as safe, once

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under the ground, as in a castle ; and a great deal more so indeed ; for these dark passages reached for miles and miles under the earth, and were all connected together. And as they were dark and crooked and full of pits and falls known only to Robin Hood and his men, no soldiers ever dared venture far to follow him.

As England began to be civilized the hundreds and thousands of women sitting at the mouths of these caves looking out toward the sun, thought to themselves that they must do something besides harbor their robber husbands and carry wood and water. And so sitting there at the mouths of their caves in the sunlight, they began to weave lace. You can understand that with the dark cave behind, and the bright sun pouring in before, they could see the fine threads clearly and could do wonderful work. And this was twice the fountain of one of the greatest industries, as well as one of the wealthiest cities, in all this world. Do not forget this. And now we are going to come to the ghost.

Three years ago I spent the summer in Sher-

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wood Forest. Some of the time I lived at Newstead Abbey, the beautiful and stately old home of Lord Byron. And a portion of the summer I spent at Bestwood, with the Duke of St. Albans.

The name and estate of Bestwood came about in this way: Little Nell Gwynne, who had once been a poor girl, and sang and sold oranges in the streets of London, was brought out here on one occasion with the king and his hunting party. The poor girl had worked her way up in the world, and had persuaded some wealthy people to found a hospital for poor and unfortunate soldiers and sailors, so that she became a great favorite and every one loved her. But with all her influence and good deeds she was not rich. And so on this occasion, she asked the king for a bit of land in Sherwood Forest, where she might have a home and settle down and live and die in peace, away from the excitement and sin of London; and the king at last consented to give her as much land as she could set a mark around before breakfast.

Now the dews are heavy in Sherwood Forest,

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and the bushes always wet of a morning ; and the crafty old king felt certain that little Nell would walk but a little way in her dainty slippers before breakfast. .

Walk! Not little Nell! She mounted a horse at the first peep of day, while the old king still slept, and taking a battle-axe in her hands, she blazed over about seven miles, and got back all right, and ready for breakfast before the king knew what she had been about.

And so the land became hers. She made it her home, and called it "Bestwood," because she had chosen the best woods in all Sherwood Forest.

Her descendants are dukes, and they stand very near the throne. And to this day this "Bestwood" is their home. It is a lovely place indeed. The ancient house echoes with the laughter of many merry children, and about the walls hang many tokens and pictures of poor, tender-hearted little Nell who once sold oranges and sang for her bread in the streets of London. The story of her life reads almost like that of Ruth or Hagar or some other tender bit from the Bible.

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Now for the ghost! Close to Newstead Abbey is Robin Hood's cave. Of course every traveller visits this cave, although it does not amount to much. For remarkable as it may seem, we are assured that there is an underground passage all the way from this cave to the castle on the summit of the sandstone mountain, in the city of Nottingham. Though this castle is now a museum of fine arts, it was the last stronghold of Charles the First, just before he lost his head. Cromwell feared to attack it. Richard the Lion-hearted fought his brother here, sword in hand, after he had usurped his throne, while the king was away in the wars of the Crusades, and it was built, or at least made a great castle, by William the Conqueror. So you see Nottingham Castle has no mean place in history. From the high summit you can see the little church at Hucknall four miles away to the southwest, where Lord Byron lies buried. And two miles away to the south we can see the humble home of poor Kirke White.

Well, these lacemakers of Nottingham never bury their dead in the ground. As a rule, they put them

## ROBIN HOOD'S GHOST.

in catacombs, much as the early Christians did in Rome. They cut out fine family vaults from the soft and durable sandstone. Some of the old families here can point out, laid neatly away on the shelves, their ancestors' coffins nearly a thousand years old. On a high knoll a little way outside of the city, a deep carriageway is cut through the sandstone, with vaults on either side. Some of these very old vaults are open, the hinges broken or rusted away, the doors rotten.

About twenty-five years ago, before the telegraph and papers began to inform all the world at the same instant of everything that is going on — and a great deal more — it was suddenly rumored, on the very best authority too, that an actual ghost was to be seen nightly in Nottingham. It had first been seen by a burial party at twilight flitting about on the high bold knoll above the vaults. The most of the party fled in terror, calling it the ghost of Robin Hood. But there were some learned and thoughtful gentlemen in the party, and they determined to get at the truth; these hastily returned to the spot, bringing the best men of the city with them to see this remarkable sight.

## ROBIN HOOD'S GHOST.

As they came up, breathless and eager, they saw the white ghost still hovering and darting about over the hill above the vaults. For the most part it seemed to glide close down to the ground, as if on its hands and feet. Then it would start up, strike out wildly with its slim white arms, and then sink down and for a moment disappear entirely.

The next night the same remarkable sight was seen by thousands. The poor ghost did not speak or make any sound at all. But somehow the frightened inhabitants of Nottingham got it into their heads that it was suffering great pain.

As the nights wore on, some of the boldest citizens resolved to push their investigation to the extreme and find out certainly the facts. They advanced in a body. The ghost fled over the hill, but was finally seen to appear at the end of the carriage wall and pass on up among the vaults.

The pursuing party divided, some entering at one end of the deep carriage way and some at the other. As they came upon the ghost down the deep cut in the solid rock from either side, it darted into an old vault. The boldest hesitated to follow it

## ROBIN HOOD'S GHOST.

here. But before leaving they made careful note of the poor ghost's favorite hiding place, resolved to get at his secret the following night.

Of course the news had got to London by this time; and being so well authenticated, the whole city was excited.

Charles Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, and many others, some of whom are still living, and from one of whom I got these facts, hastened out to Nottingham to see the ghost.

Of course the peasants and common people were thoroughly frightened by this time and kept away; but the party from London were resolved to see for themselves. They went into the old vault as night came on, and sat down to wait for the ghost.

The party of the night before, using their same tactics, drew the poor ghost from the hill as soon as it appeared there, and made it take to the deep carriage cut as before. Then closing in from both ways with torches and lanterns, it fled frightened into the old vault where a somewhat terrified party crouched in the dark waiting for it. The two ladies screamed and then fainted. The men jumped up

## ROBIN HOOD'S GHOST.

and tumbled over each other, while the poor ghost scrambled up to the highest coffin and stood there trembling and shaking till its little feet beat a strange tattoo on the dry old oaken lid of some ancient baron. The men got to their feet as fast as they could, and catching up their lanterns, held them high up over their heads and looked at the ghost. It was a sheep!

They pulled Robin Hood's ghost down from his high place in a hurry, for they were very angry and impatient at being hoaxed by a sheep. And the ladies who were quite ashamed at having fainted, caught hold of him and began to pull his wool and shake him heartily. But when they found he was only skin and bone they began to feel sorry and to try to find out what was the matter with him.

And what do you think! why, the poor thing had been licking and nosing an old tin can and got it fast over its upper jaw. Then the flesh had swollen and it would not come off, paw and plunge and dig with his slim fore legs, and claw with his hind ones, as he might. And as you know, or at least ought to know, a sheep, nor indeed any cloven-footed creature

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that chews the cud, has any upper teeth on its fore jaw, and so as it could neither bite it off, nor paw it off, nor kick it off, the poor creature was dying, crazy from pain and hunger and fright.

Of course they relieved the wretched creature, and in a few moments it was nibbling at the grass. But no one ever wrote up the facts, I think. I think, as the lady who told me the story said, they all felt a little bit sheepish about it.

I have ventured to tell it because in the first place it is quite harmless, and in the second place I wish to impress you with this solid truth, that all ghosts have no more foundation in fact than had this famous Robin Hood's ghost.

## GHOSTS I HAVE SEEN.

THE first ghost I ever saw was when I was a boy of about fourteen.

I was at the time a clerk in the wholesale commission establishment of a certain merchant, whom I will call Mr. Randolph, in a large southern city. Now I can imagine a Christian merchant of these better days in which we now live, standing in Mr. Randolph's little boarded-off room in the back of his big store, and saying to him :

"Mr. Randolph, listen to me. The day will come when a merchant will look upon his clerks as something superior to his dray-horses. In that day an employer will kindly interest himself as to where his young men spend their evenings and Sundays —"

"What in the world —" Mr. Randolph, if you can imagine such an interview, would interrupt him,

## GHOSTS I HAVE SEEN.

a frown upon his coarse, red face, "Why, what on earth —"

"In the coming time," the visitor would go on saying, "no establishment but will allow each of its clerks a vacation of from one to three weeks a year, generally in the summer; their salary continued, of course. The law will see to it that young people at work have a sufficient time for schooling, but employers themselves will close up early of afternoons, especially on Saturdays, to give their people relaxation. In long-established banks, as well as in other institutions, a good dinner will be supplied in the basement every day, and at the expense of the house, so that the clerks can eat as well as work by system, and have no temptations to drink."

But at this point such a visitor would be driven out of Mr. Randolph's store.

"You are yourself drunk or a madman!" my employer would have exclaimed, his red face glowing like a coal at the personality of the reference to liquor.

I am mentioning this because, in fact, it is all in explanation of the ghost which will appear directly.

## GHOSTS I HAVE SEEN.

I want you to see how I was situated. There I was far away from my own people, no home after business hours but that huge, dirty old warehouse of a store. I could not afford to go to the theatre often, and when I did I saw things which disgusted me utterly. I remember how long I was saving up until I got the silver coin necessary to a seat at what was glaringly advertised as "A gorgeous Christmas Pantomime." How eagerly I looked forward to it. How early I was at the theatre. How vigorously I pushed my way to a good seat in the front. How unutterably I sickened of the tawdry display and unpleasant conduct of the giants and fairies on the stage. I do not know to this day whether it was my stomach or my conscience, but I got sick and sicker, until at last I left the place before the spectacle was much more than well begun. Nor did I feel well again until I was safe under the cover in my bed, which was in the upper story of the old store, among boxes, bales, hogsheads and coils of rope.

It may further explain the coming ghost if I say that I boarded at the house of my employer, Mr. Randolph. He must have lived two miles away ; up

## GHOSTS I HAVE SEEN.

hill to his house every foot of the road. It was so far, and I got so little to eat when I had toiled thither through the broiling sun in summer, and the snow or mud in winter, that very often I preferred to do without eating. Nobody ever missed me from table, at least ever asked particularly after me. So that I did my work at the store, precious little they cared.

I used to be very hungry. Flour was one of our articles on sale; and of nights when particularly hungry, I would run into a barrel the long, hollow rod used for sampling the flour, until I had about double handful. Then I would mix this in the tin wash-basin, scrubbed out for the purpose, with a little lard and salt, and bake it on the stove. Somehow, the cake thus made was too much done on the outside and too little on the inside; but I ate it, as people wrecked at sea sometimes do each other, even, I was so hungry.

I remember, too, the drums of figs upon the top shelf on one side of the store. It was a consignment of which no one would purchase, long ago forgotten, covered with dust, every fig dry and hard. At times I *had* to eat some of them; but the remorse of taking

## GHOSTS I HAVE SEEN.

what was not my own was worse than the pain under my jacket which was very sure to follow.

In fact, I was in a tough school just then, and I fear many a poor fellow, even in these better days, is learning quite a number of hard lessons in like places. But I want to say very distinctly that it was not the fault of my parents. They lived far away, and supposed that I was learning to be a business man under excellent auspices, and I did not want to undeceive them.

I am relating my experiences, then, for the first time in my life, at least on paper, and precisely as they were. Before going to Mr. Randolph's I had read a good deal, and was, I suppose, of an ardent, affectionate nature. Except that, I took my life and whatever befell me, as I did the heat in summer or the bitter cold in winter, as something not to be helped. I hated it heartily. I was such a lonely boy, not a friend in reach of my own or of any other age. Ashamed as I am to say it, I very rarely went to church on Sundays. To do him justice, I must say that the minister, to whom my parents had carefully commended me, came to see me once at the store.

## GHOSTS I HAVE SEEN.

He was a very eloquent man, beautifully dressed, carrying a gold-headed cane, and he spoke to me very kindly during the five minutes of our interview. It was my own fault, I daresay, but we did not get near to or understand each other at all, somehow; and the only thing I remembered after he was gone was how white and glossy his linen was; a general idea of excessive polish from the soles of his boots to the top of his hat being my chief memory of the man. I could as soon have imagined him to be a giant or a sultan as to have thought of him as a shepherd endeavoring to care for a strayed lamb. I think that ministers as well as employers are closer to young people these days, as well as kinder.

But the ghost!

One weary, dreary night I was alone, as usual, in the big old barn of a warehouse. I had been reading in Mr. Randolph's back room on the first floor. Having occasion to go to my trunk, which was under my bed in the other end of the up-stairs story, I took the flat candlestick with its lighted candle, and went. That story was all in one, very large, all cluttered up with boxes, kegs, barrels, bundles of every sort. As I

## GHOSTS I HAVE SEEN.

closed my trunk and started to go back again, I saw—

Now, all the value of what I say lies in its being literal fact. If you get Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology and Witchcraft*—I think that is the name of the book—you will see many instances of "ocular delusions." Years before, I had read the book, as well as heard our family physician explain similar cases, so that I understood it from the outset.

As I started to return, I saw, about twenty feet before me, a boy like myself walking away. He had a sealskin cap on exactly like my own, a rough sort of coat, also precisely like the one I wore, and in his hand he held the same kind of flat candlestick. He kept steadily before me as I walked the whole length of the long room, and I studied every detail of his appearance, only the back of the head being toward me, as I slowly walked. I had a sort of cold terror upon me, yet I *knew* it was my "double," and I also *knew* that it was only a delusion of the eyes or the digestion, in some way the result of my lonely and unwholesome way of living. It slowly descended the stairs at the other end of the room, and disappeared as I followed it down.

## GHOSTS I HAVE SEEN.

Even although I understood it in some measure, it was a shock to me. I assure you that I was very slow in going back to my bed that night; but I saw it no more.

Dr. Samuel Johnson said, when asked if he believed in ghosts, "No, sir. I have seen too many of them to believe in them!"

But this is one, at least, of *my* experiences of ghosts.

## ANOTHER GHOST.

I SAW it when I happened to be staying for a time in a town which I will call Moulderville. The ghost was so much a result of the town, as a bitter crab apple is the natural fruit of a crab-tree all gnarled and knotted, that I must stop a moment to tell you about it.

Moulderville was once nothing but a tract of level country in the southwest. It was a region of sandy soil and solemn post oaks, of sluggish creeks and bits of prairie grown up with a queer kind of weed called Indian coffee, as high as a man on horseback, and full in the fall of the year of pods containing seeds good for nothing on earth but to poison people and to make a most mournful rattling in the wind. The wind, however, never actually blew in good earnest over Moulderville; it always fell into a sorrowful

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sigh when it got there, as if however rollicking it had been before, as soon as it reached the edge of the place it sunk into a whisper: "Yes, yes, O yes, very sad indeed!"

There were plenty of "cotton mouths" in the stagnant creeks, a sort of venomous water snake, the one object and joy of whose existence was to bite somebody. There was an abundance of mosquitoes too, but they were of a mean species which bled you stealthily, never singing, low-bred thieves.

But I dare say the ruin of Moulderville had broken their hearts also. You see the owner of that region believed that the railroad would pass right through it, and so he had had a beautiful map made of the city that was to be with its streets and churches and public squares and all. He had built, and induced others to erect ever so many handsome houses and business blocks with a tremendous four-story hotel in the centre. But somehow the railroad left Moulderville half a dozen miles to one side, and the town was exactly like a ship left that far inland by the receding sea. Everybody left too who could get away, and it was as if the very heart and soul had also

## ANOTHER GHOST.

gone even from those who remained behind.

No wonder I saw a ghost there! For weeks the people had been croaking to me of their ruined hopes. As soon as they stopped with the falling night the frogs for miles all around took up the woful story and croaked, never ceasing until the townspeople woke up next morning to carry it on for them until night again.

"I do believe," I said to myself one weary, dreary afternoon as I went out, "that the very crows fly — yes, yonder goes one as slowly as if to a funeral: and any one can see that it is blacker than crows generally get to be. Listen! caw! caw! as sepulchral as if it was the last of its tribe. The very dinner-bell at that gaunt and forsaken hotel hadn't a particle of gladness in it, tolling as if to a fast instead of to a feast. I do believe I will go to the cemetery; it can't be sadder." And I did. Yes, I sat for a long time in the old neglected enclosure, all overgrown with briars and vines. It began to rain as I sat. Not a hearty downpour, but slowly and silently, as if in tears for a sorrow which had no remedy, with the sobs and moans of low thunder now and then, and

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never a flash of lightning. Gloom, nothing but deep, dolorous gloom, embracing all the world, and never to end forever and ever ! I may be over sensitive. I am sure that a pleasant letter, the glad laugh of a child, the gambols about me just then of a dog, even a pleasant remembrance of something flashing into my mind would have changed my whole feeling. But there was nothing there save the silent dead without me ; nothing in my mind but the terrible affliction of a dear friend who had written to me that very day telling me of all his trouble up to date. Up to date, because he was one of those people who, although one of the best men living, never have anything but trouble following upon trouble as long as they live, and it was his ghost that I saw.

Not in the cemetery. I knew that I would be placed there for good if I did not get out of the rain, so I went to the dismal hotel and to sleep. About midnight I woke up out of a deep slumber and there stood the afflicted man of whom I have spoken, a little to one side, at the foot of my bed. Yes, there he stood, except that he was about a third as large again as he really was. No doubt about the

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man. The same broad chest, grizzled beard, set and solemn brow, stern and determined face. If the man had been there in the body, this spectre could not have been more like him, saving that this was larger.

I had a slow, crawling, uncomfortable feeling you may be sure; nothing at all, however, as of the agony and spasm of terror.

“You poor, poor fellow!” I said to myself, “why is it that you never have any variety to your troubles; or, if there is any variety, it is only to some sorrow wholly unexpected, and worse than went before? You are so good too, honest, inflexible in what you regard as honorable and just. No man more eager to relieve the wretched, no sincerer Christian alive. Yet such a singular *twist* in your character; always going at your honest ends with such amazing energy, yet always driven beyond or off to one side of that end as by the excess of your energy. No wonder you look resolved. All your sorrowful life you have set your face against the storms. The gale which hurries other men cheerily along into harbor, blows dead against you. And always, always!”

There he stood. The whole house was as silent as

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if every soul in it was stone dead. In the deep stillness the ghost stood there like a statue of iron, I cannot say for how long. There I lay looking at him, the crawling fear steadily subsiding.

"Of course this is some illusion," I had said to myself. "Now is it the result of my stay in this most mournful town? I wonder if last night's hot and heavy biscuits can have anything to do with it? I was thinking about him too when I fell asleep.

Perhaps it may be something outside of me also, in combination with what is wrong in me. Let me see." And so I very carefully studied the ghost. No, it *was* my poor friend; every part of him was there: brow, eyes, beard, broad shoulders, deep sorrow! Just then a motion like a smile flickered over the face. At the same time I felt a gentle breath of air on my cheek. I turned to the half open window, and then to the ghost. Now I know how much more thrilling it would be to leave my ghost as a mystery which I could not solve, but there is nothing in all the world so beautiful as truth.

Upon the right hand from the foot of the bed, hung a curtain, concealing clothing suspended from

## ANOTHER GHOST.

the wall. Upon this the moon shone full, the rain being over, and the moonlight on the folds of the curtain, and my busy brain had done all the rest.

But I do knòw that nobody ever could see a ghost more distinctly than I saw mine. Except that it was larger, had my friend been there in person it could not have been more like. Besides, he is living still, and has had ever so many years full of new troubles since I saw his ghost that night.

## A TRIUMPH FOR GOOD LITERATURE.

(*From the N. Y. Weekly Tribune, Nov. 14, 1883.*)

Among publishers who have carried into their work serious convictions as to their duty to the public in the matter of supplying good literature, and who have resolutely resisted all temptations in the more lucrative direction of that which is simply sensational, an honorable place may be claimed for D. Lothrop & Co., who have accomplished in the United States a work second to that of no publishing house.

Little change can be made in the literary tastes of a generation which is passing off the stage. If there are evidences of dangerous tendencies in popular thought, or if an infection of the public mind is being spread by unwholesome reading, the antidote for all this, so far as the future is concerned, lies in the protection of the young by providing them with a literature which is at once attractive and wholesome.

This work was undertaken by D. Lothrop & Co. years ago. With the firm conviction that ultimate success would attend their efforts, they have employed the pens of scores of those who have shared their convictions, including some of the best known authors at home and abroad, and have sent out an ever increasing stream of pure, attractive and instructive literature, which has reached every part of the land, and made their name, famous everywhere.

Those who began, as children, to read books of the character supplied by D. Lothrop & Co., have a taste for books equally elevating and instructing in maturer years. For the thousands of such, and the thousands of others who may be attracted by good literature, the later publications of this house, as evidenced by its large and rapidly increasing list of miscellaneous standard books, make generous provision.

In a general way, the public are familiar with the aims of this house, and have come to regard its imprint upon a book as a guarantee of excellence in all essential qualities.

## ENTERTAINMENTS.

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ENTERTAINMENTS; Comprising Directions for Holiday Merrymakings, New Programmes for Amateur Performances, and Many Novel Sunday-school Exercises. Collected and Edited by Lizzie W. Champney. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. Mrs. Champney is known as a popular magazine writer, a poet of no mean ability. The volume before us is a specimen of her skill in another direction — that of selection and compilation; a work requiring rare judgment and almost as much ability as would be necessary to produce an original work. The table of contents includes exercises for Temperance gatherings, Fourth of July, Missionary concerts, Decoration day, Thanksgiving and Christmas. Principally, however, they are intended for use at Sunday-school exhibitions and concerts. The element of entertainment, says the author, must enter even into religion, if it is to be dear to the popular heart. Entertainments, at any rate, the multitude will have; it only remains for Christians to decide whether they shall make this mighty power a Christian force, or leave all the merry and bright things of this life to the service of Satan. Sunday-school literature is very defective in dialogues and recitations of an attractive character, and the preparation of a programme for such occasions is a matter of supreme difficulty. To make it easier, and to provide a source from which material may be drawn for almost any occasion, the present work has been prepared. Most of the matter is new, and is contributed by persons of experience in musical matters and entertainments of all kinds.

A chapter on "Accessories, Decorations, Scenery," etc., furnishes full information upon those subjects, and a number of patterns for evergreen decorations for Christmas entertainments are given. Taken altogether, the book exactly fills the place for which it was designed, and will be warmly welcomed not only by schools and societies, but in every family where there are children to be amused and instructed.

## OUR BOOK TABLE.

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POOR PAPA. By Mary W. Porter. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Paper covers, 50 cents. Of all the lately published books in which children bear a principal part, one of the most natural and charming is *Poor Papa*. It breathes the very spirit of childhood, and one is inclined to believe that the author must have drawn her characters from living models. Few writers have the faculty of describing children as they are, and many of the so-called "juvenile" books published are dreary failures simply because their writers have no sympathy with their subjects. The children whom Miss Porter describes are genuine children and not make-believe. They have all the indescribable ways and peculiarities that make little people oftentimes riddles to their elders. Their journey abroad with "Poor Papa," who comes all the way over the ocean for them, their adventures, their quaint observations on what they see and hear, their thorough enjoyment of everything, the comical surprises they are continually giving those around them, are delightfully set forth, and will be as fascinating reading for the older as for the younger ones.

"Poor Papa" is sure to be a favorite. It is a graphic story of the perplexities of a father, left a widower, to care for two children. The father is an artist, absorbed in painting, and having no knowledge of child-nature; while his two children, loving and true, are like young colts, with irrepressible life and spirits, and perpetually in trouble. They have many amusing adventures in Italy, from their rollicking love of freedom and fun, and barely escape with life from a governess, whose martinet habits transform her into an ogre, delighting in torture. But the troubles of papa and children find a happy solution in the advent of a new mamma, the sister of a brother artist, whose fine womanly instincts have helped the children already over many a hard place. Summer travellers will have many a hearty laugh over the volume, and enjoy equally the humor of the children and the perplexities of "Papa."

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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**DOCTOR DICK:** A sequel to "*Six Little Rebels*. By Kate Tannatt Woods. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.50. Ever since the publication of that charming story, *Six Little Rebels*, there has been a constant demand from all quarters for a continuation of the adventures of the bright young Southerners and their Northern friends. The handsome, well-illustrated volume before us is the result. The story begins with Dick and Reginald at Harvard, with Miss Lucinda as their housekeeper, and a number of old friends as fellow-boarders. Dolly and Cora are not forgotten, and hold conspicuous places in the narrative, which is enlivened by bright dialogue and genuine fun. What they all do in their respective places—the boys at college, Cora at Vassar, Dolly with her father, Mrs. Miller at Washington, and the others at their posts of duty or necessity, is entertainingly described. The story of the fall of Richmond and the assassination of Lincoln are vividly told. One of the most interesting chapters of the book is that which describes the visit, after the fall of the Confederacy, of Reginald's father, General Gresham, to Cambridge, and the rejoicings which followed. The whole book is full of life and incident, and will be thoroughly enjoyed by young readers.

**YOUNG FOLKS' HISTORY OF RUSSIA.** By Nathan Haskill Dole, editor and translator of "*Rimbaud's Popular History of Russia*." Fully illustrated. 12mo, cloth, \$1.50; half Russia, \$2.00. Mr. Dole has for several years made a careful and special study of Russian history, and the volume before us bears testimony to the critical thoroughness of the knowledge thus gained. Russia has no certain history before the ninth century, although there is no lack of legend and tradition. Some attention is given to these, but the real record of events begins just after the time Vladimir became Prince of Kief, about the beginning of the tenth century. The contents are divided into two books, the first being sub-divided into "*Heroic Russia*," "*Russia of the Princes*," "*The Enslavement of Russia*," and "*The Russia of Moscow*." The second book deals with Russia after its establishment as an empire, and its sub-divisions have for their special subjects, "*Ivan the Tyrant*," "*The Time of the Troubles*," "*The House of the Romanoffs*," and "*Modern Russia*." It would have been in place had Mr. Dole given the reader a chapter on modern Russian politics, a thing which could easily have been done, and which is absolutely necessary to enable the reader to understand current events and prospective movements in the empire. The volume is profusely illustrated, and contains two double-page colored maps.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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**GRANDMOTHER NORMANDY.** By the Author of "Silent Tom." V. I. F. series. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. The series of which this volume is the third issue, has already achieved a remarkable popularity, and *Grandmother Normandy* will find a host of readers the moment it takes its place upon the counters of the booksellers. It deals more directly with some of the vital points of Christianity, than either of its predecessors, and shows how the bitter things in every one's experience may be turned to good and lasting account. It teaches that life lived selfishly is a curse; but that giving sympathy, love, help, and hope to others makes one grow grandly strong, and fits one for great things in the hereafter. It shows that to one who works earnestly and conscientiously life is a vast, undiscovered country, full of marvels, attainments, golden opportunities and industries, rich with mines of unexplored thought, and bright with usefulness. The story itself is fascinatingly told. The character of Grandmother Normandy, stern, relentless, and unforgiving, almost to the last, is strongly drawn, and the author has shown her skill in the means she has devised for softening the old lady's heart and melting the pride which has wrought so much unhappiness in her family. The book is written in an entertaining style, and without any flagging of interest from the first chapter to the last.

**YOUNG FOLKS' SPEAKER.** A Collection of Prose and Poetry for Declamations, Recitations, and Elocutionary Exercises. Selected and arranged by Carrie Adelaide Cooke. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. Here is the book for which school children have long been waiting; a book not thrown together of any and all kinds of material, simply to meet the popular demand, but a carefully compiled collection of pieces suitable for reading and speaking, most of which have never before been included in any work of the kind. The oft expressed wishes of the children for something new — "Something that hasn't been read to pieces" — is here fully met. Some of the old favorites, without which no book of declamation would be complete, are given; selections from Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes; but as has been already said, the bulk of the volume is made up of fresh and unhackneyed pieces, chosen for their poetic merit, pure sentiment, and the opportunity they offer for elocutionary display. No collection of the kind that has yet been published presents so many excellences, or is better adapted to the wants of the class for which it has been especially prepared. It deserves to become a standard in the schools of the country. The illustrations are many and attractive.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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**NEXT THINGS.** By Pansy. A Story for Little Folks. Fully illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. This is a bright little story with two heroes, and the lesson it tries to teach young readers is to do the work that lies nearest to them first; in other words, "What to do next. No one can do the second thing; he can do the first." Bound up in the same cover is a capital story called "Dorrie's Day," in which are related the adventures of a little girl who went to sleep in the cars and got carried out of her way. The history of what she did, and how she got home, will interest the children.

**MRS. HARRY HARPER'S AWAKENING.** A Missionary story by Pansy. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. This is one of Pansy's "lesson books," in which, under the guise of a story, she drives home a truth so thoroughly that the dullest and most unimpressible reader cannot help seeing and feeling it. Mrs. Harry Harper was a young wife in a strange city, without acquaintances, and with nothing to do during the long hours of the day while her husband was absent at his business. One day in walking aimlessly along the street she follows a crowd of ladies into what she supposes is a bazar, but what she soon discovers to be a missionary meeting. Her attention is excited by what she sees and hears; her sympathies and religious feelings are awakened, and she enters into practical Christian work with all her heart and soul. The book is one of serious purpose and falling into the hands of people like Mrs. Harper will be a means of undoubted good.

**PIZARRO; or, The Discovery and Conquest of Peru.** Illustrated. Edited by Fred H. Allen. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. This is the third volume in Mr. Allen's valuable little series, and is a concise and interesting history of a country which at this very moment is undergoing a conquest as bloody and exhaustive as that which occurred 350 years ago, when the Spanish ancestors of the present race of Peruvians carried fire and slaughter into the homes of the native inhabitants. The story is told with spirit, and with enough detail to enable the reader to get a clear and connected idea of the different campaigns of Pizarro in South America from the time of his landing on its shores in 1599 until his assassination by his own countrymen in his house in Lima in 1541.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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**OUT AND ABOUT.** By Kate Tammatt Woods. Illustrated. Boston : D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.50. Every boy and girl in the country used to delight in the Bodley books, and here is a volume which is in all respects their worthy successor. It is based upon something like the same plan, in that it takes a whole family, instead of a single member of it, about the country sight-seeing. We might rather say two whole families, for that is just what the author does. The Hudsons and the Marstons are neighbors in the vicinity of Boston, and the children are great friends. They all go to Cape Cod and Nantucket to spend the summer, and from there the Hudsons are called away to San Francisco by Col. Hudson, who is an army officer, and is stationed there. The book describes their stay on the Cape, and their long overland journey to the Pacific coast. Its interest is not wholly confined to the members of the party, for the author takes special pains to give correct and vivid pictures of the various places visited. The illustrations are some of the best ever put into a children's book, and are many from drawings and photographs made on the spot.

**CHRONICLES OF THE STIMPETT FAMILY.** By Abby Morton Diaz. Boston : D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. Some one once said, "Give a Frenchman an onion and a beef-bone, and he will make a dozen different kinds of delicious soup." Give Mrs. Diaz two or three simple incidents, and she will manufacture half a dozen stories so sprightly and jolly, and so full of every day human nature withal, that to the young they are a source of perennial delight, while the old people can get as much enjoyment out of them as from a volume of Scott or Dickens. This new book, which has never seen the light in any newspaper or magazine, will be ready in ample time for the holidays, and the father who wants to make his little ones perfectly happy at that time will take good care to secure a copy. The Stimpetts have a "Family Story Teller," and the wonderful, queer, strange and funny stories which this individual has treasured up in his memory, and retails to the children on various occasions, will be laughed over, and talked over, and thought over, until the author is ready with another volume.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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**SINNER AND SAINT:** A story of the Woman's Crusade: by A. A. Hopkins, author of "John Bremm: His Prison Bars," etc. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. This is a notable addition to temperance literature and combines, in style and treatment, some of the strongest characteristics of that unique temperance narrative, with salient features peculiar to itself. It is both a live, progressive, radical reform story, quite abreast with the temperance thought of to-day, and an intense, absorbing record of heart experiences, reading as if they were all real. In its delineation of scenes and incidents in the Woman's Crusade, it traverses a field rich in suggestion, in feeling and in fact, and hitherto ignored by the novelist. The Crusade marked an epoch in temperance activities, and *Sinner and Saint* vividly reflects the wonderful spirit of that movement, while as vividly portraying the strange methods and the remarkable faith that gave it success. This is a broader, more comprehensive story than its predecessor from the same pen, more abundant in characters, and stronger in the love elements which these contribute. The religious tone of it also, is more decidedly pronounced. Baylan (New York?), Worrom, Ohio, and a Rocky mountain mining camp, form the *locali*. Of all these Mr. Hopkins writes like one familiar with his ground, as he is confessedly familiar with the different phases of temperance endeavor and need. "To the women who work and pray, for love's dear sake and home's, that fallen manhood may come to its own again," he dedicates his work. It should win the early perusal of all that noble army, and of a wide circle besides—of all, indeed, who sympathize with human weakness and admire womanly strength.

**KINGS, QUEENS AND BARBARIANS;** or, Talks about Seven Historic Ages. By Arthur Gilman, M.A. New Edition, enlarged. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.00. This handsome little volume, prepared for young readers, is a pleasant condensation of the main facts in the world's history from the time of the Golden Age of Greece, which dates back to five hundred years before Christ, down to the Golden Age of England, or the time of the Puritans. The information is conveyed in the form of a family dialogue, in which the father entertains his children evening after evening, in a series of talks, taking up in a natural way one subject after another, giving just enough of each to create an appetite among the young listeners to know more about them and to bring the various volumes of history in the family library into active demand. Young readers will find it a delightful volume.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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**A FORTUNATE FAILURE.** By Caroline B. LeRow. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25. The author of this charming book is widely known as a successful writer of magazine stories, and any thing from her pen is sure of a multitude of readers. Her style is clear and flowing, and she is peculiarly happy in the invention of incidents. In the present volume her powers are shown at their best. The principal character of the story is Emily Sheridan, the bright, ambitious daughter of a New Hampshire farmer, whose pride and comfort she is. Taken from her quiet surroundings by a rich aunt and placed at a distant boarding-school, she meets new friends, and new paths are opened to her in life. It is the author's plan to trace her development under the changed and varying influences which surround her, and to show how she is affected in heart and mind by them. Nothing can change the natural sweetness of her character, however, her experiences serving only to ripen and bring out the finer and higher qualities of her nature. In one of her companions, Laura Fletcher, the author draws the type of a certain class of girls to be found everywhere — bright, warm-hearted, full of life, and tinctured with tomboyism and a love of slang. Maxwell King is another well-delineated character bearing an important part in the story. We do not propose to sketch the plot in detail; that would spoil it for most readers, and we do not wish to deprive them of the pleasure they will find in reading the story for themselves.

**MARY BURTON ABROAD.** By Pansy. Ill. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price 75 cents. This pleasant book is made up of a series of letters supposed to have been written from some of the great cities of Europe, principally Edinburgh and London. They contain information about objects of interest in these places, descriptive and historical, and are written in that gossipy, unconventional style which is pleasing to children.







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